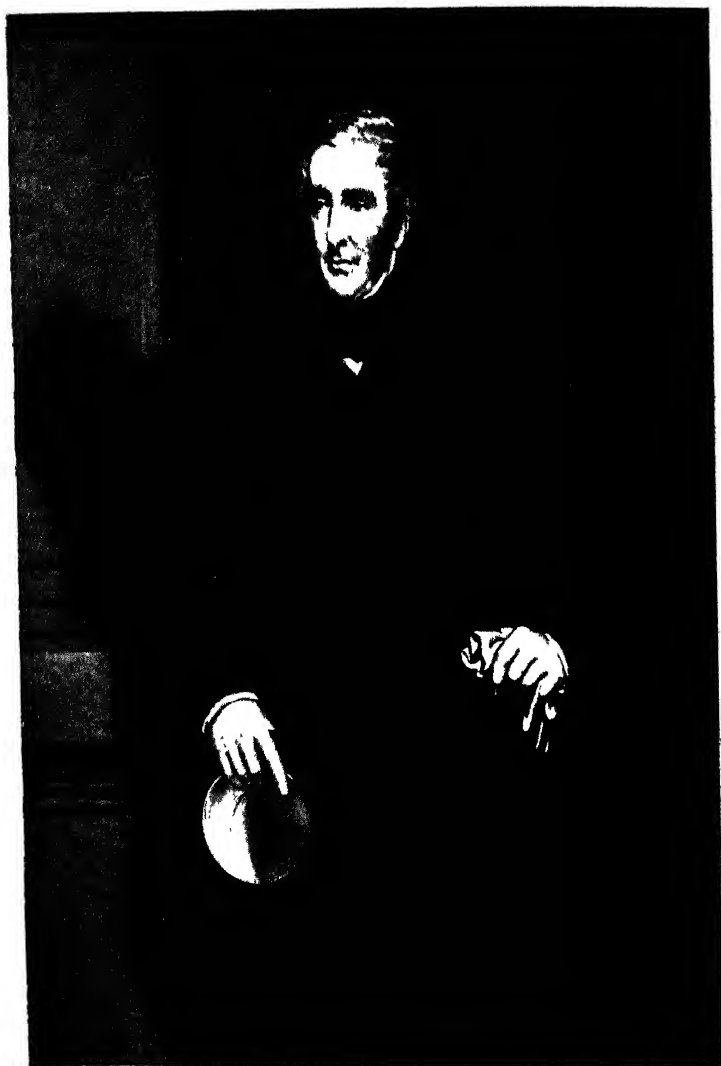


LADY PALMERSTON
AND HER TIMES



LORD BEAUVALE.
From the picture at Panshanger.

By kind permission of Lady Desborough

LADY PALMERSTON AND HER TIMES

BY

MABELL, COUNTESS OF AIRLIE

AUTHOR OF 'IN WHIG SOCIETY'

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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INTRODUCTION

THE letters which are published for the first time in this volume formed part of the voluminous correspondence between Lord Beauvale and his sister Lady Cowper, who became later the wife of Lord Palmerston. The writers were the son and daughter of Elizabeth, Lady Melbourne, whose own letters were published in a former volume.¹ The new letters give a picture of Europe in the same state of transition as that in which we ourselves live. We, the puppets of 1922, can compare the daily, nay hourly, events of our own passing times with those which changed the world after the more prolonged but less devastating wars of the Napoleonic Era. The same cries of despair from the poor as bad harvests succeeded one another, the same bitter complaints of the so-called rich at the burden of destructive taxation, were heard as we hear them now. In Ireland, the green land whence St. Patrick cast forth all the venomous beasts save one, the dragon of discontent still menaces the peace of Great Britain. The circumstances are the same, though the times and the men and their methods of dealing with the problems of government are changed.

¹ *In Whig Society.*

The history of the age which succeeded the Napoleonic Wars is concerned chiefly with reconstruction. The peoples of every nation of Europe rose in revolt against the universal absolutism which had stifled and crushed the finer feelings and nobler aspirations of humanity. Canning boasted of having called in the New World in its simplicity to redress the balance of the Old. Anarchy had taken a bitter revenge on the power of absolutism, but Europe was sick of bloodshed and confusion, and sought for peace in freedom, not a liberty bought by a hideous licence. Every nation demanded a constitution to safeguard its rights and aspirations. There is no greater testimony to the sound principles of our English polity than the demand from all the nations of Europe for a constitution resembling that of the British Isles.

The divisions in politics were represented gradually by new names, which were the outcome of the changes in Society. The old Whig aristocracy no longer completely controlled the party of progress and reform. Radicals, Peelites, Repealers were names that, as years went on, were heard jostling each other in political conversations. Socially there was but little alteration until after the death of King George iv., and the letters of young Lady Cowper are often written from Brighton, either from the Pavilion itself, where she was the guest of the Prince Regent, or from the house of Lord

Egremont. Brighton was, in those days, the holiday haunt, the place of relaxation for morals and of recreation for the body. The drinking habits of Society were becoming insensibly modified in the younger generation, and Lady Cowper's letters are filled with filial anxiety about her father—the constant object of her care after her mother's death—who in spite of “only one glass of negus at dinner still contrived to be drunkish.” The accession of William IV. with a German Queen, in a Court which had been without a Queen for many years, induced a greater attention, outwardly at least, to an appearance of morality, though the minds in many cases remained as vile as ever.

Politics, alike for men and women, formed the absorbing interest of their lives. Time would otherwise have hung heavy on the hands of the women, though Society was becoming slightly less exclusive since the Peace had reopened the Continent to English travellers and made the great families of England rather less narrow in their ideas.

There was then no organised philanthropy, with its committees and secretariats, to occupy a lady's leisure. But as there were no old-age pensions, each great household had its own dependents—widows or children of old servants who shared the broken meats and part-worn clothes, as bounties which “fell from the rich man's table.” In more than one of her letters after

Lady Melbourne's death, Lady Cowper spoke of having "already two poor women of Mama's on my hands," and asked Sir Frederick to help her with a third. To modern readers the monetary help given may seem small. A pension of half a crown a week was considered ample, with frequent help in kind. When luncheon, which was generally eaten at two o'clock, became an established meal, the straw baskets containing china jars were always on the sideboard, to carry the remains of a succulent dish to some poor cottager during the afternoon drive. By such means the law of kindness to others was considered to be amply fulfilled, and when Lord Ashley brought in his Factory Bill in 1842, and exposed the horrors attending child labour in the factories, Charles Greville exclaimed: "We are just now overrun with philanthropy, and God knows where it will stop or whither it will lead us." ¹

Human nature was the same as it is now. Ageing women still endeavoured to conceal the ravages of time, with less success perhaps than is attained by their descendants. Even then there were mothers who disliked being outshone by their daughters.

"To teach Mamma the hard but wholesome truth,
That age is not so beautiful as youth,"

wrote George Lamb in one of his Prologues.

¹ Greville's *Diaries*, vol. ii, chap. 17, p. 236.

Aids to beauty were as necessary then as now. "One knows there is a real crisis," said Abraham Hayward,¹ "when Lady Palmerston forgets her rouge, and Palmerston omits to dye his whiskers." Country-house visiting as practised in those days was a very different thing to what it is now. When the London Season was over, the would-be host would say to his friends: "I hope you will pay us a visit at —," naming his country house. If they accepted, the guests thus invited were expected to propose themselves at any time between the month of August and the date on which Parliament reassembled. The visit was never expected to last less than a fortnight. No special preparations for entertainment were made, for the guests shared in the life and ordinary routine of their hosts. In the evening the master of the house might say to his friend, "We are shooting to-morrow, do you care to come?" or offer to mount him for a neighbouring meet of hounds. But he might with equal courtesy come down in the morning and say, as Lord Morley did to his guests at Saltram, "Now to-day you must all read your books."² Late hours were kept both at night and in the morning, and the guests did not generally meet till twelve or one o'clock. They knew nothing of the present fashion of sitting all day in each other's pockets, so to say, which

¹ The quotation is kindly communicated by Mr. Lytton Strachey.

² *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville.*

prevails in the meteoric descents of modern visitors on Castle and Hall. When the day of departure arrived, the guests, as they passed to the front door, were aware of a double row of outstretched hands, mutely pleading for substantial recognition of those humbler individuals who had so greatly contributed to the comfort of their stay.¹

A mere difference of political opinion did not necessarily form a bar to social intercourse. Lord Palmerston could offer young trees for his plantations to Daniel O'Connell while he thought him merely concerned for the good of Ireland. But O'Connell became anathema after his imprisonment for sedition until Lord Stanley of Alderley held out the hand of kindness to him. One evening O'Connell called late at Lord Stanley's house in Dover Street on some matter of business. The interview over, Lord Stanley, touched by the presence of the man and his aspirations, said: "My wife has a party upstairs, will you come?" O'Connell, his mighty form outlined against the window, stared incredulous and touched. "Me?" he said slowly. "Yes," said Lord Stanley, who then led him upstairs into a fashionable assembly, where his hostess and her daughters alone made him welcome.²

The authors of the correspondence reveal

¹ Communicated by the late Lord Mansfield.

² Lady Stanley of Alderley's conversations in 1890 at Cortachy.

themselves most clearly in their letters, and those selves are not entirely as the world estimated them. Lord Beauvale's character was drawn by Greville with an unerring touch.¹ Hayward has described Lady Palmerston and the impression which she left on the world, but these letters show not only the influence which Lord Beauvale wielded over both his brother and sister, but also the self-abnegation which he could exercise in regard to his sister's happiness. He disliked Lord Palmerston and could have prevented the marriage by a word, but, because he thought it best for his sister's happiness, that word was never uttered. Yet when Lord Palmerston was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, this did not prevent Lord Beauvale from so frequently acting contrary to his orders that Lord Melbourne was obliged to send his brother a hint, through Lady Westmorland, that he would have to be recalled if he withstood Lord Palmerston so often.

Lady Cowper, madcap, gay, coquettish and admired, in her youth lived in and for the world because her heart had never been touched nor her true self awakened by her husband, though she respected him and deeply and honestly regretted his death, the anniversary of which she never failed to record in her diary for more than twenty years after. Her shrewd power of judging character enabled her to know herself,

¹ Greville's *Memoirs*, vol. vii, p. 55.

and this knowledge bred in her such charity and kindness for the failings of others and such abundant admiration and love for their good qualities that the dullest and most stupid people seemed to expand in her presence under the sunshine of her kindliness. She solved the problem often said to be insoluble. She was as good a mother to her children as she was a constant companion to her husband. Her second marriage took place at an age when women can contentedly sink into an armchair and assume the refreshing part of a grandmother, but she still, with the full approval and sympathy of Lord Palmerston, gathered her children constantly around her at Broadlands. After her second marriage her diary records the nightly balls to which during the season she took her daughter Fanny, even though her days had been passed in a perpetual and watchful activity on behalf of Lord Palmerston.

It must never be forgotten that this activity was entirely personal and social. The influence of a gentle talk in the perfumed drawing-room of Cambridge House, with the lace curtains blowing in through the windows on a warm summer Sunday afternoon, did great things. Many a constituent or a member of the Whig Party, frightened by Lord Palmerston's audacity or exasperated by his untimely jauntiness of manner, was soothed into acquiescence in his policy by the gentle Lady Palmerston. She had

been one of the sternest janitresses at the portals of Almack's, but her far-seeing shrewdness opened the doors of Cambridge House, with its Saturday night parties, to many a doubtful voter who was thus allowed to enter into Whig Society. But committees or speeches in public are never once mentioned in the pages of her diary. The political women of the day did their work differently—that was all. She was most tolerant in her views, and, had she been able to live to see women sitting in the House of Commons, she would probably have admired their way of showing an interest in the great ends of her own life, and would have said of them in her deep, drawling voice, as she did of those guests who came uninvited to her parties, "If it amuses them to do so, I am sure they are very welcome."

Although in her youth she completely identified herself with the interests of the Whig Party because they were the interests of her brothers, and in later life because they were the interests of her husband, she never merged her own identity with that of Lord Palmerston. She preserved her own property, her own fortune, and her independence, and, though always her husband's partisan, she could also be his mentor. She understood the intense jealousy for the power of England which prompted his audacious and discourteous despatches to the Ambassadors of those Powers whom he thought likely to

interfere with it. But her early training among the Whigs, who looked upon the Tories as the Court party and went therefore in the opposite direction, prevented her from exercising, as she should have done, sufficient influence to prevent Lord Palmerston's intolerable behaviour to Queen Victoria. When she died, there passed away almost the last of the powerful *grandes dames* of the old Whig Party, who were by then transmuted into the Liberals. One can see them in the mind's eye, billowing, sailing, gliding in their hoops and crinolines, their scarves falling from white shoulders, their great bonnets sometimes framing, sometimes hiding, their faces with the little bunches of curls at each side, or the severe and glossy bandeaux and loops hiding their ears.

They swam through life with ease and grace—a kindlier, broader-minded generation than the one they succeeded. And the work that they did for the men who reconstructed Europe then was no less valuable, although so different in kind, than that of the women of our day who, side by side with the men, are engaged in the same work of reconstruction after a devastating holocaust of war.

NOTE

THE majority of the letters published in this volume are in the possession of my own family, but I have to acknowledge with gratitude the permission given by Lady Lambourne and by Mrs. Templer Down, the granddaughter of Lord Palmerston's sister, Elizabeth, wife of Laurence Sullivan, to publish several of the most interesting letters in these volumes from Lord Palmerston himself.

In arranging and editing the letters, I have had the assistance of Mr. Edward G. Hawke, of the *Spectator*. In particular, I am indebted to Mr. Hawke for revising the historical comments and supplying many of the notes.

MABELL AIRLIE.

AIRLIE CASTLE,
October 20, 1922.

CHAPTER I

THE LAMB FAMILY

FREDERICK WILLIAM LAMB, the future Lord Beauvale, to whom, with his sister Emily Mary, we owe the letters given in this volume, was born in the year 1782, the third son of his parents, Lord and Lady Melbourne. Emily, their first daughter, was born five years later, in 1787. Another brother, George, was born in 1784. Emily was nearer in age to George than to Frederick, but she was ever more attached to her elder brother by a bond of affection which neither time nor events could alter, and which increased in strength as years passed by.

We may briefly recall the family history. Sir Peniston Lamb, the first Lord Melbourne, inherited a baronetcy and a vast fortune on the death of his father, Sir Matthew Lamb, a not too scrupulous legal adviser to great families in the early Hanoverian days. He also inherited remarkable good looks and charm of manner from his mother, Charlotte Coke, daughter of the Right Hon. Thomas Coke of Melbourne in the county of Derby, Teller of the Exchequer and Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Anne. Her

picture with the great dark eyes, which she transmitted to her son, still looks down from the walls of Brocket Hall, the house built by Sir Matthew Lamb on the site of the old manor house. Brocket had belonged to Sir Thomas Winnington, whose wife was a descendant of Sir John Brocket, High Sheriff of Herts at the time of the Spanish Armada. The portraits of Sir John and Lady Brocket by Sir Antonio More still hang on the walls of Brocket Hall as they hung in the Tudor house which preceded it. They form a link with the past seldom found in a house which has changed owners so frequently.

Peniston, handsome, charming, already rich and with still greater expectations, but with neither position nor strength of character, entered the world as a young man to become the prey of harpies and scoundrels, and speedily added many of the vices of his companions to his own colourless personality. In 1768 his father died, leaving to his only son his vast wealth, with the estates of Melbourne and of Brocket, where the new house was still in course of building.

Sir Peniston's mother had died suddenly in 1751, leaving two daughters besides her son. Charlotte, the elder girl, had a great dowry with her when she married the third Earl of Fauconberg in 1766; Anne, the younger daughter, died unmarried. Probably Lady Fauconberg felt that it was her duty to marry her brother, now the

head of the Lamb family, to some young lady who had sufficient good looks to ensure his settling down decently after his tempestuous youth. She may, therefore, have arranged the marriage between Sir Peniston and Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Baronet of Halnaby in the county of York. The date of Elizabeth Milbanke's birth is variously given as 1749 or 1752. She was, therefore, either seventeen or twenty years of age when she was married in the year 1769.

Elizabeth, Lady Lamb, blossomed later into a woman of rare beauty and attractions, combined with much character and common sense ; but at first, to judge from a picture done by Stubbs soon after her marriage, she was not very good-looking, and her face was spoilt by its look of obstinacy and the pouting, sullen mouth. In this picture her features are regular, but her hair and cheeks are colourless ; her pink silk gown and white satin cape are unsuited to her outdoor surroundings and betray the little "provinciale." She is sitting in a *calèche* drawn by a white pony, a more elegant equipage than the bath-chairs of the present day, though equally useful in preventing fatigue. The setting sun tinges the woodland scene with golden light. By her side stands her father as if protecting her ; beyond her stands her brother John, afterwards Sir John Milbanke, and farther back, seated upon his horse and gazing at her with

an ardent passion in his dark eyes, is her husband.

Sir Peniston seems to have behaved with great liberality in the settlements he made on her. It is said that he often boasted that he had given his wife back her fortune—in diamonds. He soon found that he needed all of his own to gratify her ambition. As her character gained strength, so did her beauty and attractions. After but a year of married life, he found himself elevated by Lord North to an Irish Peerage, as Lord Melbourne of Kilmore in the county of Cavan. He was also the father of a son, born in 1770, who was called Peniston after himself. Sir Peniston Lamb, the son of an attorney, had been but a mere Squire of Hertfordshire, and held no position among his near neighbours, the great families of Salisbury, of Cowper, and of Verulam. But Lord Melbourne, husband of a beautiful wife who had easily learned the value of money in achieving a position in Society, was a very different person. It is probable that during the years that followed, while his brilliant wife was mingling in every pastime of fashion, masquerading in the gardens of Vauxhall with the madcap Duchess of Ancaster as a “Macaroni”—both looking “very pretty fellows”—or keeping in touch with the great men of the day by immersing herself in politics, and shepherding the girl Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Melbourne may have begun to feel himself a little out of the picture.

He had bought for his wife from Lord Holland a fine London house in Piccadilly, on the site of which now stands the Albany. The new Lady Melbourne might spend what sums she liked on the decoration of the renamed Melbourne House. Cipriani, Wheatley, and Biagio Rebecca,¹ the great house-decorators of the day, were called in to make the interior more attractive than any other house in London. The gardens behind were laid out by the best gardeners, and whenever Lady Melbourne doubted her own taste, she could depend on that of her friend, the beautiful Mrs. Damer,² celebrated for her interest in art and her skill in sculpture. But Lady Melbourne relied not only on Mrs. Damer's taste. Lord Egremont, the owner of vast estates and a patron of the arts, as the picture galleries at Petworth testify to this day, was also called in to advise. When Lord Melbourne found Lord Egremont in constant attendance on his wife, Lord Egremont's opinion followed in preference to any other and his advice and counsel even taken about Lady Melbourne's second son William,³ he may have felt that successful ambition might lead too far. But the ball once

¹ G. B. Cipriani was one of the original members of the Royal Academy. Francis Wheatley earned his bread by decorative painting before he became famous by his "Cries of London" series. Rebecca (1735-1808) was elected A.R.A. in 1771.

² The daughter of General Conway and the wife of Charles Damer, a son of Lord Milton.

³ The future Prime Minister, born in 1779.

set rolling could only be stopped by a man of stronger character than the son of the Hertfordshire attorney possessed. He seems to have been a good-natured fellow, fond of the pleasures of the table, easy-going, and possibly rather flattered at the great names which were announced at his wife's brilliant routs.

Their family steadily increased. Frederick succeeded William, followed by George and Emily; "a little thing all eyes," her mother called Emily when she was born, but she grew into a beautiful though fragile-looking child. In 1789 a little girl who was christened Harriet came to complete the family. In the pictures of the two girls, Emily has always a gentle, serious look, Harriet is rollicking, fat, and merry. The happy laughter of Lady Melbourne's children was as often heard ringing through the halls of Petworth as in their home at Bocket. During the nine years that elapsed between the birth of Peniston and that of William, Lady Melbourne at first made Melbourne House beautiful, and spared no pains while it was finishing to embellish Bocket. Payne,¹ a not very distinguished architect, had completed the building with more success than he usually achieved, and the Adams carried out Lady Melbourne's favourite decorations in white and gold, even to the panels of the standard screens which she worked with

¹ James Payne (1725-89), who built innumerable country-houses and did much work in and near London, including Kew Bridge.

her own hands. Mortimer,¹ a protégé of the Duke of Richmond, advised and supported by the generous Cipriani, decorated the ceiling of the great drawing-room with his paintings of the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the four Seasons of the year, and Morning, Evening, Noon, and Night. This work completed, Lady Melbourne lived more and more continuously at Melbourne House in London, where she could keep in touch with politics and pursue more successfully and undeviatingly the path she had chosen.

Lord Melbourne was promoted an Irish Viscount in 1780. Four years later, the wealthy peer, who owned several pocket boroughs, was made a Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales. The Prince, who had been for some time a frequent visitor at Bocket, presented Lady Melbourne with a life-size equestrian portrait of himself taking refuge from a storm, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was hung in the great drawing-room opposite Sir Joshua's picture, called "Maternal Affection," of Lady Melbourne clasping the infant Peniston in her arms. As Lord Melbourne's appointment made it necessary as well as pleasant to be in London, the children and the household of servants were therefore nearly always at Melbourne House. If the children flagged in the heated and exciting atmosphere, the friendly parks and meadows of

¹ John Hamilton Mortimer, A.R.A. (1741-79), an intimate friend of Francis Wheatley, R.A., with whom he often collaborated.

Petworth would give them fresh air and a change of scene. The children were educated in the fashion of the day. The boys acquired a familiarity with the classics, which formed their minds and enabled them to adorn any argument with a quotation from Cicero or Horace. The girls learned the accomplishments taught in the school-room, and the knowledge of the world which came from their surroundings. Peniston went to Eton, and the younger boys also went in their turn. Until then, they were under the care of an old Jersey woman, in whom Lady Melbourne placed complete confidence. The mother's time was much occupied by the entertainments and dinner-parties where pleasure and political influence went hand in hand. Women expressed themselves then by their social gifts, as they now express themselves by the number of their committees. Each age has its own mode of self-expression, and it may be that morality is better served by a committee than by a salon.

Emily and Harriet, in the mob-caps and pink sashes as Lawrence painted them, would come to dessert after dinner. In the dining-room they might find Fox with his purple face and swollen limbs, or the Duke of Devonshire, with handsome, composed features, and his beautiful, gushing wife.¹ They would shun her more subtle

¹ Georgiana, daughter of Earl Spencer and first wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire, whom she married in 1774 at the age of eighteen. She died on March 30, 1806. She was a leading hostess for the Whig party and a great friend of Charles James Fox.

sister Harriet, Lady Duncannon, languishing at the beaux on either side of her, for she was the mother of Caroline Ponsonby with whom Emily and Harriet played in the Devonshire House gardens and whom they both early learned to dislike. Emily must have been a thoughtful child, though happy and gay. She was impressionable and her opinions were naturally formed by those under whose influence she lived. Her knowledge of right and wrong must have been confused by the charming manner in which wrong-doing was practised by those who yet appeared to her young mind worthy of praise and affection. Love and admiration were early excited in her heart, and the innate kindness of her nature made a harsh judgment impossible. She grew as a flower can grow in the midst of corruption—lovely, loving, and beloved! Her airy grace, her laughing eyes, her charm of manner attracted admirers even more than her beauty, great as that undoubtedly was.

Her brother Frederick was also remarkable for beauty and charm, but as he was only a third son, he had a subordinate position.

Frederick's admiration for his mother and sister, though concealed by a natural reserve, was very great. He shyly puts it into words in a letter written just after Lord Kinnaird had been refused in marriage by Emily Lamb in 1803 :

“ Emily's letter has given me the greatest

pleasure. I would have ventured my life that her conduct would be the best possible, and it could not have been more delightful. With all her vivacity and all her kindness she never can go a step wrong, but from deceiving herself as to what she is doing; and her sense and her firmness sufficiently secure her from doing so in serious cases, or for a length of time. Good as she is, the praise is due where I acknowledge it with the greatest pride, as often as I perceive any of those good traits which may be implanted in almost any disposition by education and example. I shall post this to-night for fear of burning it to-morrow, though I know not why any one should be ashamed even of the slight expression of a feeling which one delights to cherish in the greatest degree."

Peniston, the eldest brother, seemed to live in a different world; in the picture of the three brothers by Sir Joshua Reynolds, his slender form might be that of a father, so protecting is his manner to William and Frederick.

William was his mother's favourite. His brilliant talents flattered her pride and ambition, though his indolence must often have exasperated her. Frederick was probably overshadowed by, and sacrificed to, William. At seventeen he was sent from Eton to accompany William to the house of Professor Millar at Glasgow University, where he may have exercised a good and steadying influence on his wayward elder brother. Frederick, like Emily, in the home at Melbourne House, must have pondered over

many things he saw in the society which surrounded his mother; but with a boy's greater knowledge this bred in him a sternness of judgment and made him angry with human nature. The anger which was foreign to the sunnier temper of his sister caused him to exercise a brotherly and discriminating surveillance over her, often accompanied by scoldings and exhortations. Though they were both so young in years, their minds had been formed in a hard school. They were cradled in the great cataclysms of that era. In their nursery they had heard in hushed whispers of the horrors of the French Revolution. Among Emily's youthful companions with whom she played in the gardens of Devonshire House were not only Caroline Ponsonby, destined to be her sister-in-law, and Sarah Villiers,¹ who was destined to be her rival, but also a tall slender girl with dark, brilliant, vivacious eyes. This was Corisande de Grammont,² whose mother, the Duchesse de Grammont, had confided her daughter to the care of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, to escape the horrors of the French Revolution when she was but yet a child. These girls knew the England of 1801,

¹ Lady Sarah Sophia Villiers (1785-1867), eldest daughter of John, tenth Earl of Westmorland, and his wife Sarah, daughter and heiress of John Child, the banker, of Osterley Park. Lady Sarah inherited her mother's large fortune. She married George, fifth Earl of Jersey, in 1804.

² She married in 1806 the fifth Earl of Tankerville (1776-1859). She is always referred to as "Corise" in Lady Palmerston's letters.

impoverished by its long wars on the Continent and by a succession of bad harvests, with famine stalking hideously through the land, and their lives were lived under the shadow of the menace of Napoleon.

In 1803 a common sorrow had drawn Emily and Frederick ever closer together, when Harriet, the merry little sister, died of consumption. The doctors had recommended that she should take a journey abroad, but no heed seems to have been paid by her parents to their advice. Europe was in a disordered state, and Luttrell, the wit and poet of the Whig circle, a constant correspondent and admirer of Lady Melbourne, wrote in January 1803 from Rome :

“In truth I should recommend to all persons eager for a trip abroad to rein in their impatience if possible for a year or two at least till peace is consolidated, till it is known how and by whom the smaller states are to be governed, till the roads are in some measure repaired, till England has re-established her Ministers in the usual Towns, and until the minds of men are restored to their accustomed habits, and feelings. Looking at Europe now is like looking at a lady in *déshabillé* ; one should wait until she is dressed and fit to be seen.”

Frederick and Emily both felt that Harriet's life might have been saved had the journey abroad been undertaken. A letter written by Frederick thirty years later showed that her

death had made an ineffaceable impression upon his mind.

He was now twenty-one and had left the house of Professor Millar at Glasgow. According to the custom of that period, when the "Grand Tour" on the Continent was no longer possible, the education of a young man of position always included a year or so in one or other of the Scottish Universities, to study side by side with the sons of peasants, who had toiled in the fields through the summer heat for a wage which would enable them to quench their thirst for learning during the winter. When Frederick left Glasgow, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1803. After this he joined the Household Cavalry, becoming a Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards. Soon after he seems to have become Aide-de-Camp to General Mackenzie, who commanded the garrison at Hull. Frederick, like most young men of the day, preferred London to the country, and the Prince of Wales, in a letter to his mother, suggested that he should leave the Blues, where he would be perpetually quartered at Windsor, and raise a troop for the 10th Hussars, the Prince of Wales' Own Regiment, from which he would get more leave to London. It is not strange that he should have liked the world of London. He was singularly fitted for Society. His charming manner concealed a will of iron. In the gaieties at his mother's house he had

become a shrewd judge of character. Women were devoted to him, yet he passed the greater part of his life as a bachelor.

A year or so passed, and then death again laid his hands on the family. Peniston, the eldest son, his father's idol, the kind elder brother, died in 1805, presumably of the disease that had killed his younger sister. He looks at us still from his picture with the great dark eyes that he had inherited from his father; his handsome form in riding coat and breeches leans on his horse "Assassin," while his dog "Tanner" watches him eagerly from the other side of the picture. He was famous as an amateur actor, fond also of outdoor life and hunting. The races in Bocket Park which were arranged by Peniston had become an annual event, and the Prince of Wales had honoured them more than once by his presence. Peniston was thirty-four at the time of his death, and was unmarried. He adored the lovely Mrs. Dick Musters and never cared for any other woman. When he was dying in 1805, Lady Melbourne summoned Mrs. Musters to Melbourne House, and he drew his last breath supported in her arms. His father felt that with him died all his family hopes and ambitions, for Peniston was a son after his own heart, and recalled to him the first early and unclouded years of his married life. Nothing remained to him of his first-born but his pictures by Lawrence and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his

bust while a youth, as "Mercury," by Mrs. Damer.

William now became Lord Melbourne's heir, and Frederick and Emily in their common grief drew closer together. Their mother, while grieving at the loss of her eldest son, must have known that the success of her schemes for her family was made more likely by Peniston's death. During the ensuing summer the world learned that William had formed a great Whig connection by his marriage, on June 21, 1805, with Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the third Lord Bessborough, and a niece of his mother's great friend, the Duchess of Devonshire.

Emily's marriage to Peter Leopold, the fifth Earl Cowper, was announced about the same time. Lord Cowper, who was then twenty-seven, was very handsome; then, too, he was a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and had great possessions. His home, Panshanger, was but a few miles from Brocket, and he was a Whig. Lady Melbourne had known him for some years, and her letters show that among her schemes she had eagerly sought and then cultivated his friendship. When Lord Cowper came wooing, he was not sent away, for Emily loved him, and gave him her young, untouched girl's heart. Her married life, whatever it may have been in after years, was at the outset one of serene happiness, as her letters to her mother showed.

Unfortunately Lady Melbourne had the reputa-

tion of being unable to see a happy marriage without trying to spoil it. Any coldness between the Cowpers in their later life may be put down to the influence of Lady Melbourne. The proximity of Panshanger to Bocket enabled her mother to retain her all-powerful influence with Emily, who felt for her an adoration which never ceased while she lived.

Melbourne House, Piccadilly, had been exchanged at the Duke of York's own wish for his magnificent house in Whitehall. What had been York House was now Melbourne House.¹ The Corinthian porch of this mansion, built, like Bocket, by Payne, led to a stately flight of steps, semicircular in form, which narrowed to an inner door leading to the three great rooms on the first floor. In the drawing-room on the right of the stairs Emily Lamb was married, on July 20, 1805, and left her home for that of her husband.

Panshanger, or Pashanger as it was called in the reign of Henry VIII., was bought by William, the first Earl Cowper, who was Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Queen Anne. He erected the present house, which is built in a castellated style in grey stone. The surroundings are not so romantic as those of Bocket. Panshanger is on low, flat ground, whilst Bocket, in red brick, stands high above the banks of the river Lea, which is broadened

¹ Afterwards called Dover House, and now the Scottish Office.



VISCOUNT PALMERSTON AT 17.

By kind permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery

beneath its windows by an embankment built by the first Lord Melbourne. The view from the windows of the graceful arch of a bridge thrown over the river by the same hand had a smiling aspect, very different from the grim grey towers of Panshanger.

CHAPTER II

LADY COWPER'S MARRIAGE

FREDERICK had just left Cambridge to become an officer in the Royal Horse Guards when Lady Holland wrote to his mother from Paris in 1805 : " Remember me to Frederick and George ; as I have a *pension* [penchant ?] for *young men*, you ought to have sent me one to polish."

Yet, with all the changes proposed by the Prince of Wales under the influence of Lady Melbourne, Frederick remained dissatisfied with the Army as a profession. As the cornetcy in the 10th Hussars did not satisfy him, he was ordered to accompany Lord William Bentinck in 1811 on a semi-military, semi-diplomatic expedition to Sicily. A year later, he was made a Secretary of Legation, although still nominally in the Army. When Lord William put himself at the head of the expedition to Catalonia in 1813, Frederick remained behind as Minister Plenipotentiary of the Two Sicilies *ad interim* until the arrival of Stewart, afterwards Marquess of Londonderry. Frederick was now anxious to devote himself entirely to the Diplomatic service. To him the straight course always seemed the

best, and he was growing a little tired of his mother's manœuvring ways. Besides, he was now thirty years of age, and wished to make his own career. Thus he writes to his sister in June or July 1813 :

*From the Hon. Frederick Lamb to the
Countess Cowper (Lady Palmerston).*

MY DEAREST EM,

Though I've written to my Mother that I couldn't write to you, yet I find two minutes to spare. She will tell you that I've left Sicily and hope it may lead me home. We hear from Calabria that there's an armistice between France and Austria, and if it's true it may forward my hopes of getting to England. Anyhow I shall make the best of my situation wherever it is, and swear by a little French sentence which I found t'other day, saying that He who can't content himself in the situation in which he finds himself will never be long happy in any. The only thing that surprises me is, that in all my letters from home I have never yet seen it distinctly felt or expressed that it is better to get entirely out of the army. This is from a want of a clear view of the truth—which is that, even if I sacrifice myself to it, it can never be of any gain or advantage to me—and from a fondness for expedients, instead of a clear view and a decided manner of acting. Don't mention this; it's only in consequence of our having talked of it before that I let myself speak even to you. I can't for my life find a Spanish dictionary and grammar, which is a

great annoyance to me, for I am more and more convinced of the pleasure and profit of attempting the language of every country you go to—and were I to move for Constantinople, [I] should take to Turkish as seriously as I did here to Italian.

When Frederick left Sicily in 1813 he was made Secretary of Legation in Vienna. Two years later, when Waterloo at last brought peace to an impoverished Europe, Lamb was appointed British Minister at Munich, where he stayed till 1820.

In September 1816 the Cowpers went abroad, taking with them their two elder children, Frederick and Minny, and leaving the younger children with Lady Melbourne. Though Lady Cowper seems to have enjoyed the idea of the journey, and amused herself to the full while away, the parting meant much to her mother. Lady Melbourne's letters to her daughter seem to have been one long psalm of good advice, combined with nervous accounts of the children's health, which were airily dismissed by her daughter. Lady Cowper begged her mother not to allow herself to be troubled, and in return wrote her lively letters about dress—an *épinglé* velvet "which was very pretty," the silver embroidery of the new gown she was having made, and certain ribbons she was sending her mother. "They will make up into a very pretty cap and look charming by candlelight. Lady Jersey

has one, and the effect is excellent. You see, my dear mama, that I am as anxious for your appearance as if it was my own." She also tells her mother that she had meant to give the *épinglé* to her as a present, but she had not got enough money ; " I know, my dearest mama, that you would not like me to get into debt." The journey abroad was very likely undertaken by the Cowpers for reasons of economy, as the landed proprietors were suffering heavily through war taxation and the depressed state of agriculture.

When the Cowpers returned in 1817, after having spent some time with Frederick in Bavaria, the condition of England was worse even than when they had left it. It had been expected that the Peace, in defiance of all the lessons of history and the laws of economics, would produce prosperity in Europe. Instead, the Continental Powers tried to shut out the products of Great Britain. Manufacturers, burdened with unsold goods, cut down wages. The price of bread was raised by a bad harvest and the exclusion of foreign wheat. In 1816 the workmen had risen and broken the new machinery which they considered to be the cause of their sufferings. The risings which had taken place were quelled by the military. The novelty of the manifestations lay in their political character. Since the latter end of the eighteenth century a party working for radical political

reform through universal suffrage had existed in England, and now took the name of Radical.

Parliamentary Reform was placed in the forefront of the Radical programme. In 1816 the party issued placards calling all workmen in distress to meet at Spa Fields, Bermondsey, to draw up a petition to the Regent and the House of Commons, imploring them to take action to relieve the distress. One of the placards described "the present state of Great Britain : four millions of people on the point of starvation : four millions with a bare subsistence, one and one half million in straightened circumstances, one half million in dazzling luxury : our brothers in Ireland in a state even worse." The Regent, in his speech at the opening of Parliament in January 1817, answered the Reform petition by expressing his "surprise and grief," and declared the English constitution the most perfect in the world. On his return from the House of Lords his carriage was pelted with stones.

In the midst of these disorders, the nation was shocked by the loss of the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of the Prince Regent, and wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She died at Claremont on November 6, 1817, immediately after the birth of her son, who was still-born. Though there were not wanting those of her acquaintance who hinted at roughness and vulgarity, hoydenish ways, and un-

dignified manners, reminiscent of her mother's upbringing, yet the Princess was a popular idol. The grief of the people, who had looked on her as their safeguard against the unwelcome possibility of any one of her uncles becoming King, was very great. What made the circumstances even more dreadful was that hints of mismanagement at the birth of the child began to make themselves heard, and the public blamed the old Queen, though she was then about seventy-six, for not being with her granddaughter at the time. Princess Charlotte had been married but a year, and was hardly twenty-two years old when she died. The doctor, Sir Richard Croft, who attended her, committed suicide some little time after her death, and this act was attributed to remorse. The Prince Regent made a show of grief at his daughter's death, but he was known to be jealous of her popularity.

Prince Leopold of Coburg, the husband of Princess Charlotte and the future King of the Belgians, was also popular in the country. He had wisely kept his ambitions to himself, so that the picture of virtuous and domestic happiness shown by the Royal couple at Claremont impressed the people of England as a forecast of better things when the time should come for Princess Charlotte to be their Queen.

The national misery seemed to be at its culmination when she died. Lady Cowper wrote to her brother Frederick from London :

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

GEORGE STREET, 29th November, 1817.

Now the gloom of Princess Charlotte's death has a little subsided, people try to amuse themselves and to make speculation for the future and their imaginations see a long train of Crowns like Macbeth's passing before them, Frederick the 1st, William the 4th, Edward the 7th, Ernest the 1st, &c. and when it comes to Princess Mary we shall have William and Mary over again.¹ Some people trust we shall be saved all this by the prophecy's which foretell that no more than three Brunswicks will ever reign in England. Nothing is talked of but marriages, divorces and posterity. The doctors will be in great requisition for some years, as long life is all that is wanted. The competitors are all in great spirits, and each sees a Crown upon his head. Clarence reckons much upon an oracle or a witch who once predicted to him future greatness. People all seem willing to compound for York and wish they could feel a certainty of keeping him.

¹ The King had twelve children living in November 1817—the Prince Regent; Frederick, Duke of York; William, Duke of Clarence; Edmund, Duke of Kent; Ernest, Duke of Cumberland; Augustus, Duke of Sussex; Adolphus, Duke of Cambridge; Charlotte, Queen Dowager of Würtemberg; Princess Augusta; Princess Elizabeth; Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester; and Princess Sophia. Princess Mary had married her cousin, Prince William, Duke of Gloucester. All were over forty; none had a legitimate child. The Duke of Kent married in 1818 the sister of Prince Leopold, the Princess Victoria Mary of Saxe-Coburg, and died in January 1820, when his only child, the future Queen Victoria, was an infant of eight months.

He is more of a gentleman than many—good humoured and sticks to his friends—but as to essentials would make just such another as the *good* old one. People talk of his giving up the Army and getting some money to pay his debts, which he much wants. We shall know when Parliament meets, but nothing of this sort would very well go down now, as this death has been a great cry and a great unpopularity—in some respects deservedly. But the absurdity of the papers and the cant abroad have exceeded anything I ever remember. The event was no doubt a very shocking one, and nothing could be more melancholy and affecting than all the details. But, as a public loss, one can feel no certainty of its being so very great, as indeed there was no particularly favourable promise. Leopold is I believe a good kind of man but I suppose not better than any other German officer, which is only better than a German Corporal, or an army taylor—of which, you know, we have specimens.

The Corps Diplomatique is at this moment very strong. Mde. Lieven, whom I see a great deal of, is most agreeable, and they have a great accession in Humboldt, the Prussian Minister, who seems very odd, clever and agreeable. His brother the traveller is also here with him and of course interesting from having seen so much, but he is a little too much in the Staal style and speaks as if out of a book, very long-winded and without taking breath. The first told me that he knew you. Palmela is going to be Prime Minister at the Brazils, which is a great cause of regret here. Madame Esterhazy is not coming back this year, which, I suppose, pleases her, as she remains with the Pss.

Charles Lichtenstein (if I mistake not); and this arrangement pleases *anche il suo Marito*, who has many other affairs here on his hands; the ambassadors certainly do not give us lessons of propriety. B[rougham]'s affair¹ is going better than I expected it would and I think it will gradually die away. Love is pared down to friendship, and then, as you know, there is not much to cut off. His vanity makes him still wish to keep up the appearance of being liked, but his flame is, I think, quite gone out, and the whole will some day cease from ennui—when they will have a fine opportunity of covering the change with a host of duties and fine sentiments.

¹ Those who have read *In Whig Society* will remember his love affair with Mrs. George Lamb.

CHAPTER III

LADY COWPER AND LORD PALMERSTON AS YOUNG PEOPLE

A most striking trait of Lady Cowper's character is the difference between her real self, as revealed in her letters to her mother and brother, and the impression she gave to the world. Up to the time of her mother's death, Lady Cowper was so completely under her influence that the reaction of a hard, ambitious, brilliant nature like Lady Melbourne's must have had the effect of warping her own kind and affectionate disposition. When Lady Bessborough wrote to Lord Granville Leveson-Gower, complaining that Emily Lamb flattered Harriet Cavendish, her niece, to her face and made fun of her behind her back, she was probably only representing the psychological effect produced on Emily by intercourse with any member of the writer's family. Emily never liked Caroline, Lady Bessborough's daughter, and ended by detesting her when Caroline became her sister-in-law. As a child and a girl, Emily was naturally truthful and sincere, but the efforts to please Lady Melbourne, in spite of the dictates of her heart,

very probably did at the time occasion some insincerity. It was an age of expediency, and Emily disliked giving offence.

The corruption of the time is displayed in the novels of the period. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, published in 1782, depicted a state of what is called "High Society" which beggars description. This, it is true, was in France, but *The Sylph*, a novel written by the Duchess of Devonshire which reached its third edition in 1783,¹ does not show much difference. In both novels Vice is punished and Virtue rewarded, but not till after poor Virtue has passed through such scenes, through mingling in the world of fashion, that her robes at least must have been contaminated for ever. The novel would seem to be partly autobiographical, and the precepts laid down by Lady Besford² for the young and innocent Julia Stanley on her first entry into the world were probably those which Lady Cowper heard from her mother's lips soon after her marriage.

She found herself the wife of a man who was called dull by his contemporaries, though Lord Broughton denied it. "I don't know why they call Cowper dull," he said; "I never saw a man less dull in my life, but he has a slow pronounciation, slow gait and pace."³

¹ It was anonymous. The first edition appeared in Dublin in 1779.

² Lady Besford gives the impression of being at any rate a half-portrait of Lady Melbourne, while Julia might be the Duchess herself.

³ *Diaries*, 1825.

Curiously enough, his wife, though very unlike him in other ways, also had a deep, slow voice. Her picture, begun by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and finished by his pupil Jackson, shows Lady Cowper in the year 1810. Her grey eyes have a charming, happy expression as she looks out of the canvas; her hair clusters on either side of her face in dark curls. The dignified carriage of her head and shoulders makes her look older than her twenty-three years, but she radiates light and grace and charm, as she must have done when she moved through the crowded balls and routs of a London season or over the lawns of Panshanger.

An amusing little trait is recorded in connection with this picture. The artist had painted Lady Cowper wearing a *sacque*, but she insisted on his altering this into a floating scarf because she did not like her little round waist, of which she was very proud, to be hidden. Lady Cowper's eldest child, Lord Fordwich, was born in her house in George Street on June 26, 1806. He was christened George Augustus Frederick at St. George's, Hanover Square. It was a double christening, as the son of William and Lady Caroline Lamb, born in 1807, was christened George Augustus Frederick at the same time, and the Prince of Wales stood sponsor to both babies. Lady Cowper had five children in all. Her elder daughter was born about 1808, and was named Emily Caroline Catherine

Frances. William,¹ the second son, was born in 1811, and George Spencer, the third, in 1816. Lady Cowper's younger daughter and last child, Frances Elizabeth, was born in 1819. It must be conceded that she was a partial mother, for her elder daughter was the apple of her eye. She was usually called Minny, and Lady Cowper's letters are full of her perfection.

Besides the country home at Panshanger, Lord Cowper owned a magnificent house in George Street, Hanover Square, which had descended to him from his ancestor, Lord Cowper, Lord High Chancellor of England. The square was not far from Tyburn. Strype says that it was proposed in 1720 to move the gallows from Tyburn to the Kingsland district, because of the "inconvenience and annoyance" which the frequency of executions might cause to the inhabitants of this fashionable new square. In the south-western corner of the square stood a large house, the family residence of Lord and Lady Palmerston, the parents of a young man who was destined later to exercise a great influence over the affairs of England, and an even greater influence over the life of Lady Cowper.

Henry, the third Viscount Palmerston, was born on October 20, 1784. His ancestor, Sir William Temple, was the secretary both of Sir Philip Sidney and of the Earl of Essex. Sir

¹ The Mr. Cowper-Temple who proposed the compromise about religious teaching in the Education Act of 1870.

William's grandson was a celebrated diplomatist, who enjoyed the confidence of William III. and was the patron of Swift. This grandson's younger brother became Attorney-General and Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. The Speaker's grandson was Henry, the second Viscount Peer of Palmerston, who married in 1783 as his second wife Maria Mee, the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman. The second Lord Palmerston was a great admirer of fine women. One day his horse slipped on the damp stones of a Dublin street, and he was thrown and carried unconscious into Mee's house. There he lay ill for some time. Charmed by the beauty of Mee's daughter, he married her. Their eldest son, afterwards Prime Minister, was educated at Harrow, where he formed a great friendship with Francis Hare, the eldest of the four remarkable brothers Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus.

In the correspondence between Henry Temple and Francis Hare they discussed at the tender age of thirteen such subjects as love and marriage, drinking and swearing. Of the two vices Henry strongly disapproved; unlike Francis, he approved of marriage, but admitted that he should be by no means precipitate in his choice. He grew up manly, fond of hunting, racing, and all kinds of field sports. He shone in Society and was so gay, agreeable, charming, and handsome that he was known as a young man by the name of "Cupid." He succeeded his father in 1802.

His talents and upbringing naturally inclined him to a political career and he began it, at the age of twenty-one, and before he had taken his degree, by contesting the seat for the University of Cambridge left vacant by the death of Mr. Pitt in 1806. He failed, but stood again in 1807, to be rejected once more. In his autobiography he says that he soon after was given a seat for the pocket-borough of Newtown in the Isle of Wight on condition that he never set foot in the place, the patron being jealous of any interference with the faithful burgesses. Palmerston was at last in Parliament and treading the first steps of his career just as Lady Cowper was taking her place in the world as a great hostess.

Lord Palmerston belonged to a family singularly united and devoted. His mother suffered much from ill-health, but his sisters Elizabeth and Fanny were lively young women, who kept up a constant correspondence with him. His only brother William and he were devoted to one another. Lord Palmerston's greatest friend at Cambridge was Laurence Sullivan; he in course of time married Elizabeth. Fanny married Captain William Bowles, R.N. The family property in Ireland was large, but the owners had acquired the habit, not uncommon in those days, of leaving the estate to be managed by an agent. In spite of his devotion to politics, Lord Palmerston in his youth felt his responsi-

bilities as a landlord keenly. We see this from an early letter in which he describes a journey to Ireland and speaks of the improvements which he contemplated. He carried them out, but, as time went on, his absorption in politics prevented the annual visit of which he spoke so confidently.

*To the Hon. Elizabeth Temple from
Lord Palmerston.*

FLORENCE COURT, Sep. 12th 1808.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

I have to thank you & Fanny & my Aunt for your very entertaining letters which have reached me very safely & regularly, though I am sorry to find that mine have not been as expeditious as they ought. We left Dublin on the first, & travelled through a very dreary flat boggy country to Longford, 58 Irish miles equal to 73 English. The Inn at Longford is the only one between Dublin & Sligo where it is possible to sleep in comfort, & much cannot be said even for it. From Longford to Lord Lorton's is 25 miles which took us the whole morning, the same horses being obliged to take us the whole way, as those at the intermediate Inn were gone to a funeral where all the country was assembled. By the help of a feed of corn & abundance of whipping they carried us up to the door but could not have gone one step further. The country in this day's journey is more improved & prettier than the preceding. Lord Lorton ¹

¹ Viscount Lorton, the second son of the second Earl of Kingston, had been raised to the peerage in 1806.

is second brother to Ld Kingsborough, & therefore older than those I remember at Harrow. He inherited the whole of his Father's property, which was a good one but not so ample as that of his Mother which after her death goes to the eldest son, Ld Kingston. So that at present the second brother is much the richest of the two. The place is finely situated upon the banks of Loch Key near Boyle. The house is bad but he is going to build a larger one in a better situation close to the lake. Saturday 3^d we rowed round the Lake, which is very beautiful & studded like all the Irish lakes with finely wooded Islands.

On Sunday 4th we went on to Nymphsfield near Colooney—Mr. O'Hara's. He had met us at Ld Lorton's in order to ask us to his house. Nymphsfield is a miserably bad old house, & the place, though in a pretty country, is but bad & much neglected. Mr. O'Hara's father involved himself very much by gambling debts which he has been very punctually discharging to the great embarrassment of his fortune & diminution of his income, & I fancy his Election contests have not tended to adjust him. Mrs. O'Hara is a very good old lady, but a mighty twaddle; they have a son & three daughters. The former puts me much in mind of Mat Stewart. The latter are plain but sensible & good humoured. Here I met Mr. Chambers the Clergyman of Sligo, who is employed by Mr. Stewart as Sub-Agent. He is a very intelligent & excellent young man & I think myself very fortunate in having my estate under his management. The whole of the 5th I spent in my rooms with him talking over business.

On the 6th Tuesday we went on to Sligo ; we stopped at the Inn for a few hours to see some Sligo people & then went on to Mr. Wynne's, Haslewood, to dinner. It is situated on a peninsula on the N.W. of Loch Gilly just two miles from Sligo. The place is beautiful & the Lake is full of fine Islands & surrounded by very good mountains. Mr. Wynne married an elder sister of Lady Grantham's. He, Mr. Wynne, is an excellent country gentleman & just the sort of person of whom, could one put down one at every thirty miles throughout Ireland, it would in forty years time become as much civilized as England. He is excessively active in all sorts of improvements. The roads, the town & port of Sligo &c. are under his management, & they do the greatest credit to his perseverance & judgment. Lady Sarah is, like all her family, extremely pleasant open & good humoured. She appears considerably older than Lady Grantham, to which ill health has in some degree contributed. They have seven children. The eldest boy is at school ; the two eldest daughters are very good looking, the eldest very much so. She appears to be about fifteen ; the rest are little. When we met Ld Inniskillen, whose Militia Regiment is quartered at Sligo, he invited me to come here when we left Haslewood, & we accepted his offer very willingly as our route lay by his house.

On the 7th William and I set out with Chambers to ride to my estate, which commences at about six or seven miles north from Sligo & continues with scarcely any interruption for five or six miles along the sea coast. The rain which had commenced the morning we left Dublin & had

continued with little interruption was more particularly violent this day, & William, who was not so much interested in seeing the estate as in keeping himself dry, returned home very soon; we, however, persevered & saw the greatest part of the estate. Thursday y^e 8th I employed in walking & riding about the town of Sligo with Chambers, & Friday 9th we took another ride over the whole of that part of the estate which lies connected by the sea coast. I find there is a great deal I may almost say everything to be done & it will be absolutely necessary for me to repeat my visit next summer & probably make it annual for some time.

I have in this part of the country about ten thousand acres of which between eight & nine lie together to the north of Sligo; it is a tract of country about two miles broad & six long, bounded on one side by the sea & on the other by bog & high craggy mountains. It is wholly unimproved. But almost all the waste ground or bog is capable of being brought into cultivation, & all the arable may be rendered worth three times its present value. This, however, must be the work of time, & to accomplish it much must be done. The present objects which I must in the first instance set about, are to put the Parish Church in a state of repair so as to make it fit for service; to establish schools, to make roads, & to get rid of the middlemen in some cases where it can be accomplished; after that, as opportunities occur, I mean to endeavour to introduce a Scotch farmer to teach the people how to improve their land, to establish a little manufacturing village in a central part of the estate where there are great advan-

tages of water & stone, & to build a pier & make a little port near a village that stands on a point of land projecting into Donegal Bay, & called Mullaghmore.

The schools & roads however are the most important points at present, and the condition of the people calls loudly for both. The thirst for education is so great that there are now three or four schools upon the estate. The people join in engaging some itinerant master, they run him up a miserable mud cabin by the road side, & the boys pay him half a crown or some five shillings a quarter. They are taught reading, writing & arithmetic, &, what from the appearance of the establishment no one would imagine, Latin & even Greek. I mean to build three good school-houses on the estate & attach to each three or four acres of land, which will keep a cow & grow potatoes without making the schoolmaster into a farmer. Then, if the salary paid by the boys is not sufficient, the deficiency may be made up in money, & as the masters will be under my controul to be turned off at pleasure, I shall have security for their good conduct. I fancy they must be Catholics, for the people will not send their children to a Protestant. Roads are of the first necessity for the improvement of the land. The sea coast abounds with a shelly sand which is the best possible manure for boggy ground, & roads of communication between the shore & the upper country will enable the inhabitants of the bogs to reclaim their waste ground with this manure, & the people on the sea side to get turf for fuel from the bogs, & both are in need of a ready communication with Sligo Market.

The worst circumstance attending the property is that it is so populous. Every farm swarms with little holders who have each four or five or at the utmost ten or twelve acres. They are too poor to improve their land & yet it is impossible to turn them out as they have no other means of subsistence. Their condition, however, will be improved as I gradually get rid of the middlemen or petty landlords. These people take a certain quantity of ground, reserve to themselves a small portion, & let out the rest to under-tenants. They make these unfortunate devils pay the rent of the Landlords and an excess, which they keep themselves & call a profit rent; while they live upon the part they reserve, without paying any rent for it. In my last ride the day was very fine & the whole tenantry came out to meet me to the number, in different places, of at least two or three hundred, the universal cry was "Give us roads & no petty landlords."

We left Haslewood the day before yesterday Saturday, & came here. The road is beautiful along a fine valley with magnificent craggs on each side; yesterday we walked about the place & today rode with L[or]d Enniskillen to a hill about six miles off, from whence we had a full view of Loch Erne & all the country round. Tomorrow we set out for Dublin, which we shall reach early on Wednesday, & then we shall continue our route according to our former plan. Direct your next letters to Cork or perhaps if you do not write for some days after you get this to Waterford. I have written to Coching to desire he will look out for a cook & let Hold know if he hears of anyone likely to suit me,

but not to engage him or her until he gets an answer from Hold. I suppose you will soon be setting out for Broadlands.

What admirable news from Portugal! Last night we heard of the surrender of Lisbon & y^e Fleet by an express from Cork to Dublin, but it was a necessary consequence of the battle & one did not feel anxious about it. What will the Croakers say now? They have not a twig left to perch upon. I only hope Saumarez will fall in with the Russians in the Baltic & then I think we shall have beat Alexander into the warmest friendship & regard for us. What a triumph to the Orders in Council is the opening of the Dutch Ports! It is a complete confession of defeat by Buonaparte in the commercial as well as military contest he is waging with us & I doubt not of equal success in both. Adieu My dear Eliz. our best love to all.

Ever y^r aff. Brother

PALMERSTON.¹

Lady Cowper's brother, William Lamb, and his wife lived at Melbourne House, where the vagaries of Lady Caroline were a continual source of irritation to Emily and her mother. "I have," wrote Lady Cowper to Frederick Lamb in 1818, "fought a battle for Caroline and put her name down for Almack's in spite of Lady Jersey's teeth."

Almack's played a great part in the fashionable world. It was a curious Club through

¹ Portions of this letter are quoted in Ashley's *Life of Palmerston*, i. 47.

which the leaders of Society tried to maintain the exclusiveness of the circle in which they moved. The barriers were crumbling a little with the march of Time. The rules of admission made by the Ladies' Committee served to further political as well as social ends, and often to gratify private feuds ; but, on the whole, the members were as just as they were determined.

The famous story of the Duke of Wellington's exclusion by Lady Jersey from one of the weekly balls because he arrived too late was less of an injudicious parade of power than is generally imagined. After giving the order not to admit the Duke, Lady Jersey turned to her companion and said : " No one can ever accuse us now of showing favouritism. We have excluded even the Duke of Wellington for arriving ten minutes late ! "

Almack's Assembly Rooms were built for a Scotsman named Almack, in King Street, St. James's. Almack himself, whose real name was Mackal, had been the steward of Almack's Club House, the original Brooks's, established in Pall Mall in 1764 by twenty-seven noblemen and gentlemen. The Assembly Rooms were opened on February 12, 1765, and were described by Gilly Williams in a letter to George Selwyn as " three very elegant new built rooms ; a ten guinea subscription, for which you have a ball and a supper once a week for twelve weeks. The men's tickets were not transferable, so if

the ladies do not like us they have no opportunity of changing us, but must see the same persons for ever."

"The Ladies' Club of both Sexes," as Walpole called it,¹ made a considerable noise. They first met in a tavern, but Lady Pembroke, one of the new members, had such scruples on the point that the Club in future met at Almack's. Each lady nominated a gentleman, and each gentleman chose his lady, so that no lady could exclude a lady, and no man could keep out one of his own sex. Among the first to be blackballed were the Ladies Rochford, Harrington, and Holderness, as well as the Duchess of Bedford, though the Duchess was subsequently admitted. Some of the gentlemen fared no better; Lord March, the brother of Lady Sarah Lennox,² the early love of King George III., was blackballed to his great astonishment.

Play was constant and very high. The ball-room was about a hundred feet in length, and was capable of holding about 1700 people. These were the early days of Almack's, but in 1818, when Lady Cowper and her friends controlled it, things had greatly changed. The Club was managed by a committee of ladies of the highest rank, and the only method of admission to the balls was by vouchers and personal

¹ *Letters* of 14th February 1765, etc.

² She was the daughter of the second Duke of Richmond and a sister-in-law of Henry Fox, Lord Holland.

introduction. The times were like our own; war and high taxation had cut down the richest rent roll. Private entertaining was very expensive. Dancing was as much a craze then as now; it always is in the rebound to frivolity that follows great wars. The Embassy and Ciro's Clubs of to-day have replaced the Almack's of the past, but without their stern rules of admission and the vigilance of the Ladies' Committee. Even at Almack's it became difficult to keep out the rising tide of new society. Lady Cowper made that the excuse for giving vouchers to Lady Caroline Lamb, after the publication of *Glenarvon*¹ in 1816 had practically ostracised her.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

LONDON, *Feby.* 20th. 1818.

MY DEAR FRED,

The advertisement you cut out and sent me was only a catchpenny. There is no authentic edition of Mde. de Staal's work yet published. I send with this to the Foreign Office your watch, which appears to me to go very well, and a little French story, a translation of the German, which I think you have probably not

¹ Lady Caroline, after quarrelling with Byron, published *Glenarvon* anonymously. Lady Holland described it as "a singular libel, published by Lady C. Lamb against her family and friends," and identified her own portrait, that of Byron as *Glenarvon*, and caricatures of other well-known persons. See *The Creevey Papers*, p. 254.

read.¹ It is strange and wild but I think pretty, and the difference of *Ondine* before and after she gets a soul is a good idea—perhaps you will think it all nonsense, but it takes me very much.

The Duke of D[evonshire] is come to Town, and this I suppose will destroy the report. He is very much annoyed at it and I do not wonder, because of the Gossip it occasions, and all the reviving of old stories. One is quite provoked with people for being so ready to believe any scandal, however improbable. If you remember in *Glenarvon* there is some allusion to L[ad]y Margaret having exchanged a child,² and people trace the Story to that; others say it is only a corroboration of its truth, and there was some paragraph about it in the papers which has annoyed Calantha³ a great deal. But one cannot pity her for any annoyance that comes to her thro' that infernal book, as it is so richly deserved. She has been quieter lately, as her only object is to push herself on in the world, which is, I assure you, very uphill work, tho' William gives her all the help he can, and now, as he *will* stick to her, I think it is better to give her any lift I can—for her disgrace only falls more or less on him. I have therefore fought a battle for her and put her name down to Almack's Balls in spite of Ly Jersey's Teeth—let people do as they like in their own *private* Society but I think it hard to exclude a person from a ball where six hundred people go if they really are received anywhere.

¹ *Undine*, by La Motte Fouqué, first published in 1807.

² See Chap. xi. for the similar story about the birth of King Louis-Philippe.

³ Lady Caroline Lamb.

Mama, I think, continues getting a little better but slowly,¹ and I am afraid will not be well till there is a change of weather, which, I rather hope from the Sun today, is beginning.

Yrs ever

E. C.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

PANSHANGER, *Jany.* 22, 1819.

MY DEAREST FRED,

Cherubina² has been outdoing herself in absurdity. It is too long a story to tell you all, but she will really make W[illia]m the laughing stock of his County. Because my Ball answered so well she could never rest but what she must have one without rime or reason—she chose this very bad weather and *no Moon* and asked everybody (from a fear of offending any Constituents) as if it was only a *little practice for Augustus*.³ Of course everybody sent excuses, then she got in despair—having prepared a supper for a hundred people—and sent her servants in all directions begging of people to come. This would not do, so in a pet she put the whole off the night before it was to take place. Next morning she tried to have it on again and, having given away part of the supper, began buying provisions again. I told her from the first I would not go to it, but sent the Children and Madlle. The whole House was lighted up, there were several supper tables, a band of

¹ Lady Melbourne died on April 16, 1818. Frederick Lamb was the only one of her children not present at her death-bed.

² Lady Caroline Lamb.

³ Her small boy, then aged eleven.

twenty-four musicians, and the company consisted of the three I sent, Dr. Lee, Augustus, Miss Webster herself, W[illia]m, Master George who had come from London for the Ball, and four strangers, namely, Sir G. and two Miss Shees and Mr. Ross of Lama. She sent to beg a party from the Hoo to come—they excused themselves on the score of their Horses being out, upon which she sent her Carriage to fetch them in the even[ing] and they sent it back empty—did you ever hear of such proceedings? And W[illia]m all the time miserable, fretted to death, flying into passions continually and letting her have quite her own way. This was all last Wednesday. My Children came home Thursday and I heard no more and you would think this was the end of the story. *Point du tout.* This morning comes a note to me to say that several people had promised her to come who were prevented before and that she was to try a Ball again next Monday and begging and entreating I would send my Children, which I have not absolutely refused but could not help throwing cold water upon. It freezes very hard, the roads are almost blocked up with snow, so that I think she will have just the same scene over again. But she is so mad at the failure of her Ball that she will listen to no prudence and only goes on making herself more and more ridiculous and floundering deeper—starving her servants to make a dash of this sort, for the expence of these failures is as great as if she succeeded and in a concern of this sort she don't mind what she throws away—but means to make up for it the next week, by the most miserable stinginess. There never was such a Woman !!!

I hear there is some hitch about Chas. Bagot going to Petersburg. That, having got so great an appointment, he thinks he may now try for any thing, and Vienna is his mark—if Ld Stewart goes to Paris and Sir Chas. to Petersburg.

God bless you my dearest Fred

Yrs ever affecty

E. COWPER.

Lady Cowper's youngest daughter was born on February 9, 1819. Her correspondence shows how much she, like all the women of her day, suffered from her nerves. It is not astonishing that women exhausted their nervous systems when 4 o'clock or even 5 in the morning struck before they got into bed. Lady Melbourne's niece, Lady Byron, wrote to her "dear Aunt" to say that she feared that the guns fired at 1 P.M. to announce the victory of Waterloo would have wakened her out of her first sleep. The "nerve storms" of our days were the "spasms" of theirs, and veronal and bromide have taken the place of laudanum.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Munich, from
the Countess Cowper.*

Thursday Feby. 17th. 1819.

You will have heard before this of my being safe and well and having got a dear little Girl. I was afraid you would be anxious at being so long without hearing from me, but I had such

terrible nervous attacks before I lay in that I really could not write I was well and did not like to write you word I was ill—but all is now quite right by dint of quiet and I feel almost well at this moment and very glad to find all the troublesome part over. So *Houra* I will write again soon. God bless you my dear Fred.

Yrs ever affecty

EM.

The bleeding I received was a little too much for me. Tierney¹ thought I had a constitution like the King's and took from me at two bleedings 20 ounces. Now I fear my plebeian blood does not flow so rapidly as his Majesty's, and I found myself reduced to nothing after this discipline.

¹ Sir Matthew John Tierney (1776-1845), physician to the Prince of Wales from 1806. He was not related to the Whig leader, George Tierney.

CHAPTER IV

THE TRIAL OF QUEEN CAROLINE

LADY COWPER'S letters to her brother during the years 1819 and 1820 are principally filled with gossip about the trial of Queen Caroline. In consequence of the reports which had been received in England of the behaviour of the Princess of Wales, while she was living in Germany and Italy, George IV. on his accession prohibited the name of the Queen from being printed in the Liturgy. A commission had been sent to the Continent in 1818 to collect evidence for a divorce which, should proofs be forthcoming, amounted to high treason. On July 8, 1820, Lord Liverpool introduced into the House of Lords a Bill "to deprive Her Majesty Queen Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogative rights, privileges, and exemptions of Queen Consort of this realm and to dissolve the Marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth." The second reading was taken on November 6, and the verdict was given in favour of the King by 123 votes to 95.

This unhappy affair intensified the anxious

disapproval with which sober Englishmen had long viewed the domestic life of the Royal Family. They remembered the painful episode of 1809, when Colonel Wardle had publicly accused the Duke of York of complicity with his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, who took bribes from officers seeking promotion. The Duke was exonerated by the House of Commons, but felt it necessary to resign his office of Commander-in-Chief. Then there was the horrible scandal of the supposed attack on the Duke of Cumberland by his valet, Sellis, on May 31, 1810; the Duke was found badly injured, while Sellis was dead, with his throat cut. Now there was this Bill of Pains and Penalties, which divided the nation between the angry supporters of the King and the no less bitter partisans of the Queen. The men who espoused the cause of the Queen were said to have embraced it as a party weapon. The private life of Brougham, her chief advocate, was aspersed, not without reason.¹ When Lady Cowper spoke with indignation of her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Lamb,² political views as well as sisterly affection may have coloured her antagonism.

Lady Cowper inherited from her mother the fear and dislike of a family scandal. Brougham's friendship for Caroline, the wife of her brother

¹ Queen Caroline had appointed him her Attorney-General directly King George IV. succeeded to the throne.

² George Lamb married in 1809 Mlle. Caroline Rosalie St. Jules.

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George Lamb, had irritated both her mother and herself. Therefore she hated Brougham and anything to do with him. The Whig circle at Holland House, who had had cause to complain when the Prince of Wales, on assuming the Regency, had retained his father's Tory advisers instead of putting the power into the hands of his Whig associates, showed coldness to the new King.

When the witnesses against the Queen appeared before the House of Lords, it was found that they were all drawn from a very low class; and their evidence was unconvincing. The case against the Queen practically broke down. On the third reading of the Bill, on November 10, 1820, the Government majority fell to nine in the House of Lords where the friends of the Sovereign were most powerful. The majority against the Bill in the House of Commons would probably have been very large. To avert a defeat which would have been very unpleasant, not to say dangerous, for the King, the Government forthwith abandoned the Bill, and the friends of the Queen boasted at least a moral victory. The Queen endeavoured without success to force her way into the Abbey at the King's coronation on July 19, 1821. Defeated, she retired, and, as if life had wreaked its worst on her, died after a short illness a few days later, on August 7, 1821.

Lady Jersey had espoused the Queen's cause,

partly for political reasons and partly for the pleasure of annoying her mother-in-law, Frances, Lady Jersey, daughter of the Dean of Raphoe, whose relations with George IV. were notorious. She and Lady Cowper were both rivals and friends. Lady Cowper was the cleverer, Lady Jersey the more pushing. She never stopped talking, so that her friends called her "Silence"—behind her back.¹ She had beauty, riches, and a fine constitution, but she was apt to rush off at a tangent, relying on her personality to carry a matter through, right or wrong. Lady Cowper had a cooler judgment and clearer vision, and her friends found the charm of her manner and the kindness of her heart irresistible.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

LONDON,
Friday June 9th, 1820.

It would be a shame not to write to you, dearest Fred, at this critical time, but yet I am in a hurry and the Post day has come upon me unawares. The Queen has given us all a fillup. Some are sorry, some glad, but all are on Tip-toe to know the result. I believe the Alderman,² fool as he is, hit upon the best thing for

¹ There is a well-known story to the effect that Lady Jersey when talking her hardest was overtaken by a yawn. She clapped her hand over her friend's mouth for fear he should interrupt her monologue.

² Alderman Wood, to whose house in South Audley Street the Queen went on arriving in London on June 6,

her—impudence is mistaken for courage, and people admire her dashing into the midst of it all. This is the opinion of some of the higher order of people—the lower ones look upon it as a proof of complete innocence—& after all I am not sure that she will not be reckoned by all pure and immaculate, such is the leaning of all mobs towards a popular cry & a little huzzaing. The Mob are less active about her than I expected, tho' they broke many windows last night for not being lighted up—& South Audley Street is filled with people gaping all day long. Her entrée was ridiculous enough. Wood by her side in an open Barouche & a black on the Dickey. I believe she had thought her Horses would be taken off, but this was not done. The Mob were satisfied with a little Huzzaing. The Cannings look very blank, & Ministers not pleased, though I daresay they are not sorry to show the King by the debate in the House that they were right in objecting to try a divorce & that public opinion is against it. The King I have not heard of since that debate, but before *he* was delighted and thought he should have everything his own way, & was pleased to have his Ministers forced to bring on the business & to take steps against her. Brougham's speech is much admired but not by me. I don't think it is like that of a fair Member of Parliament—it is like the one of a retained lawyer, who cares not for truth but is bound to mistate everything & to make the best story he can for his Client. One thing appears to me pretty clear that Ministers will not go out in consequence of this business. Canning, I think, cuts a very foolish figure.

Luttrell is publishing again & I believe something very good. I will send it to you as soon as it is out (a Letter to Julia) upon the absurdities going on, *Les mœurs du tems*. Parts he read me were excellent. Almack's is not spared.¹

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

Sunday, August [6th ?] [1820].

I write tho' I have little to say, for I have seen nobody since I have been here & la Comtesse² writes me nothing but nonsense about the Queen. That good Woman has certainly got her head under her arm, if it is any where! She is quite a good Woman in the vulgar acceptance of the term, being as free from head as if it had been regularly cut off.

Brougham is on the Circuit, losing his temper & getting a great deal of money. I believe his object in going this time was to make the Pot boil; the Widow's Jointure³ can hardly keep up a fire alone. You never saw such a concern as that Woman. I look at her "and am revenged." That certainly was for us the luckiest Job that ever happened. They say one Man's Joy is another's pain, but here his Joy was his own pain and our pleasure. Caroline is as well cured as if she had taken the lover's leap & is

¹ This was *Advice to Julia. A Letter in Rhyme*, by Henry Luttrell, 1820; it reached a third edition in 1822.

² Lady Jersey.

³ Brougham married in 1819 Mary Ann Eden, widow of John Spalding, and niece of the first Lord Auckland.

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quite comfortable and domestic and as amiable as a piece of Still life can be.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

P[ANSHANGER] *August 14th. 1820.*

We are still here but go to town the day after tomorrow. I write rather in haste and have little to say but that everybody is very anxious about impending events and a great many people very much frightened—and nobody can foretell what will be the result. The Queen says nothing shall prevent her going to hear the whole evidence, that present she *will be*, & I believe it to be quite true that she has got L[ad]y Francis's House in St James's Square next door to L[or]d C[astle-rea]gh, so that I see nothing for him to do but to change his House into a Fortress for he will have a regular siege every night.¹ L[or]d Archibald [Campbell], who has just been here, takes it all very seriously; he says that the beginning of the fray will be, as at Paisley,² that the Mob will collect in large numbers, the Military will be ordered to disperse them, & then they will set to. But if, as people believe, the Military on being ordered to march will refuse to do so (as being against the Queen), then the disturbance will assume some other feature. I think the beginning will be quite enough but that the people will grow more violent & eager as

¹ She was not permitted to take this house.

² There had been serious rioting, called the "Radical War," at Paisley in the spring of this year. Revolutionary agitators called a general strike; the strikers had to be repressed by the troops.

it proceeds, & if she is found guilty, then comes the rub, & moreover, should the House of Lords find her guilty, the Commons may think it expedient to differ from them. The fact is that none but fools or ignorant people of the lowest class doubt her guilt but almost all think her justified from her circumstances & care very little about the fact, & his unpopularity & bad behaviour all falls back upon him now with double weight. It is a terrible state of things, & he is not aware at all of what the feelings of the country are; & if he did I believe he would risk anything on this throw, so strongly is he bent upon it.

People blame Ld John Russell for his impudence—and I do think his letter teems with arrogance—the people at H[ollan]d House butter him too much & make him think himself such a clever fellow.¹ If there is a party they should act in concert, not some play one tune and others another—besides sticking himself suddenly so in the papers, without notice stealing a march upon everybody. It's as much a puff as those about liquid blacking, only in a different shape, & nothing he says is in the tone of H[ollan]d H[ouse]; it's merely to take a line to himself, a little obstinate fellow! Some people among the Whigs had an idea of a petition to the King (but not in this language), & of course this appearing destroying all chance of anything else being done.

We go to town Wednesday—but I shall leave

¹ Lord John Russell, the youthful member for Tavistock, had published a letter to Wilberforce, enclosing a petition in which he begged the King to stop the proceedings against the Queen by proroguing Parliament.

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my Children here. Every body seems to be very anxious for some accommodation to put an end to this trial, but I fear now there is no chance of any. Papa does not mean to attend (as he is exempted by age) and I think on all accounts it is much better for him to avoid it. By the way, I received 3 lines from you 2 mornings ago desiring 3 books and saying you never hear from me. This is pretty *impudent*, I think, when I write almost every post.

The D[uche]ss of York is very much & very decidedly regretted.¹ What luck if it had been the Queen instead or indeed the K. even might have served our turn. I have lost all my nerves and ills and feel quite stout and hearty *et à la hauteur des circonstances*. L[ad]y J[ersey], L[ad]y H[ollan]d & the D[uche]ss [of Bedford] are all squabbling. Tierney says he is distracted amongst them all. I think most of our friends are like Bedlamites—they appear rational upon most subjects, but if you touch some one cord, they go off at score. L[ad]y H[ollan]d's tender point is Buonaparte, L[ad]y Jersey's the Queen and so on; only touch that note and they are found out. Adieu my Dearest Fred I must away to dress. Rogers² is here very sour & very amusing.

Yrs ever affecty
E. C.

The K[ing] is at the Cottage and going soon to sail.³ I hope when he returns, he will be able to effect a landing.

¹ She was the Princess Frederica of Prussia. She died on August 6.

² Samuel Rogers, poet and banker.

³ For Ireland. He did not go till the following year.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

Sunday [September 3rd, 1820].

I got a long letter from you yesterday which delighted me very much, for I do now begin to see what you think upon various subjects, & I pretty much agree with you in all. Except that I think one cannot call L[or]d H[ollan]d a wrong-headed man, tho' he is apt to take fancies, & that B[rougham] is surely a powerful advocate, tho' in this case he has failed in the one instance of making people believe that *he thought* his client innocent, which would have been more use to her than all his arguments. But this his Vanity forbid, for he would not appear so thick headed. Now Denman has either done so on principle, or has really been bamboozled by the Queen, for he has made everybody think that he is perfectly convinced of her entire innocence. I don't know him myself, but the strength and cleverness of his speeches are amazingly praised & I do not think it likely therefore that he should be such a dupe.¹

[Tuesday, Sept. 5th.]

It is believed that B[rougham] will not finish the questioning now, so that the Attorney General will not be able to sum up, & that the

¹ Denman, by his citation of Christ's saying to the Magdalne, occasioned the famous epigram :—

“Most gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more ;
But, if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate.”

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whole will begin again in Dec[embe]r. I think B[rougham]'s wish to put it off looks to me like feeling the weakness of his cause. He continues to talk very big but I don't think he feels so. Barbara Cras ¹ (I spell anyhow) he had thought entirely to disprove by showing that she was a person of Bad Character, but L[or]d Auckland told me last night that he feared he could not do this, & that he now thought there must be two or three Women of that name. L[or]d Grey is very decided, I see, still & said yesterday when I met him at L[or]d Derby's dinner that Sir Wm Scott ² felt not a doubt that the facts had all been proved tho' Theodore ³ & Mlle Demont had in part broke down—& that the evidence of yesterday *alone* was enough to give anyone a divorce. It is believed however that the Bishops are conscientious and will not vote for a divorce and that L[or]d Liverpool means to leave that out of the Bill. By the way, am I right in my conjecture that you are the Gentleman who, Barbara Cras says, talked to her and gave her a Ducat ?

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfurt,
from the Countess Cowper.*

Wednesday Sept. 6th [1820].

My labour is still beginning, never ending ; as soon as I have dispatched one letter I begin

¹ Kress, chambermaid at an inn at Karlsruhe.

² Created Lord Stowell in 1821. Famous as the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty from 1798. He was the elder brother of Lord Eldon.

³ Teodoro Maiocchi, a footman in the Queen's service : Demont had been her maid.

another. Lord Harrowby says all this would be very comical if it was not so tragical! One must own that it makes a good sequel to *his* Love all his life for old Mistresses to want to divorce his wife when she is 53. I think the King must now find the disadvantage of having not *one* friend; he has somehow or other estranged them all. I really pity him when I think of this, for I do believe he has at bottom a good heart. I think when one makes one's thankgivings, one should bless oneself for being born neither an heiress nor a Prince; as some things are cut out of our Church Service nowadays, I think some also might be added. I saw Kinnaird last night at L[ad]y Jersey's. He is vexed and annoyed, poor fellow, that he cannot have a finger in the Pye. His situation is really very vexatious. Somebody should make a motion about Scotch Peers. It is such a crying injustice!!¹ He says he shall be off in ten days for Paris, when he shall stay a fortnight before he returns to his widowed dove.

I wish Papa did not ride me quite so hard, that I had some diversion in my favour. Only think, he is just now gone (at 11 o'clock) and he has been with me *sans cesser* ever since this morning at one. He came to Minny's dinner, went out with me, dined with me and would not even go home to dress for dinner but preferred being *en bottes*. It's like the Old Man on Sindbad, but I have not made the parallel still greater by parting with him *drunk*. At this moment there is nobody in town for him.

I have desired Ridgeway to send you *The*

¹ Scottish Peers as such do not sit in the House of Lords, but elect sixteen representative Peers for each Parliament.

Abbot. I am told there are things in it which some people apply to the Queen, about Mary Q[ueen] of Scotts, & that if Sir Walter had not got his Baronetcy,¹ he would not be likely to have it now after publishing this. *Othello* is acted constantly and in the same way numbers of passages are applied which almost bring the House down with applause. One can only say, what Asses the *people are*! Yet the publication of the evidence has certainly had great effect with the rational part of the community.

I went with Papa today to see that poor boy Augustus.² He is a little better (out at Miss Webster's Cottage at Brompton) because he is kept very quiet & almost starved, but this is the only difference. Lee says the moment he gets the least into health, they return bad again—so that he is obliged to be always pulling him down. His head was covered with the marks of Leeches to-day. I mention this case of his particularly, because Caroline's great object lately has been to persuade everybody that he was quite well, and therefore I was surprized when I heard the truth, for she had persuaded Papa & W[illiam], and told me only two days ago that he was quite well now & that she was *so happy* to find him *cured* and that he had been *10 weeks* without having a fit. I suppose she is tired of lamenting about it so she wants to hear no more on the subject. I thought she looked foolish when I said I would go and see him & she said Don't be surprized if you find him with Leeches on his head for it is merely done as a measure of precaution.

¹ George iv. conferred a baronetcy upon Scott in March 1820.

² William Lamb's only child. He was an epileptic.

The Servants at Brocket still continue to pass thro like the figures in a Magic Lanthorn—they come on and go off—a new Cook whom Hagard was all expectation to see from her great character & her fifty Guinea wages staid, I believe, only one week. Dear Hagard is worth his weight in gold. These are Pearls thrown to Swine, such a pair of Jewels as Hagard & Dawson! Hagard's philosophy talking of Caroline is so good. He says she can't be any worse, so one hopes she may get better. We are all expectation for the eclipse tomorrow¹ & prepared with darkened Glasses to look at the Sun. I get up every morning at eight or nine o'clock & am all the better for it & so I think is L[or]d C[owper]—the advantage of early rising compensates for sitting so long in the House.

L[or]d Thanet² dines with us tomorrow & several others. I do all I can to like that great Peer who is so much L[or]d C[owper]'s admiration, but I cannot, he is such a *malignant*. There is nothing *liant* about him, & tho' his remarks are sometimes good, one hardly ever knows whether he is serious or bantering & what mischief he is after & I never feel *easy* in his company. However I am *trop bonne femme* to show this or to say a word against him to L[or]d C[owper], I must do myself the justice to say that I never in my life set him against any of his friends but always tried to increase his likings. Papa's example shows me too strongly the necessity of forming relations of amity & mutual interest, & I wish them for him

¹ Thursday, September 7, 1820.

² The ninth Earl (1767-1825); he was an ardent Whig and patron and friend of Creevey.

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as well as for myself. In spite of all my faults I shall certainly deserve the name I have always wished for, *une bonne Pâte de femme*—adieu, my dearest Fred, will you be called *un bon homme*?

Sepr. 8.

The whole thing is in a pretty puzzle now. Leaving out the Divorce is very absurd, so if they carry the Bill she will be the King's wife, but no Queen. L[or]d Erskine says she must be called Mrs Bergamy.¹ It is using the K[ing] very ill to say you are so bad, there is no redress for you—in short there never was such a jumble or such a business.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

Monday [Sept. 12th 1820].

The Queen went to Greenwich three days ago,² and was so pulled about & pinched by the mob at Greenwich when she landed that she was very much frightened, nearly squeezed to death & remains all over bruises. Serves her right! You see it is settled that her defence goes on in three weeks. She was very anxious to have it brought on as soon as possible—indeed insisted upon it, saying “she had plenty of courage but no patience.” This arrangement suits me very well, as I am delighted to get three weeks of this fine weather & should have been much grieved

¹ She was accused of having been unfaithful to the King with Bergamy her steward.

² She went down the river to Woolwich and back to Greenwich on September 9.

to have the Boys' Holidays interfered with again in December. Did I tell you that when she went to the House she staid the greater part of the time in her retiring room, laughing with Gell & others or playing at Backgammon & Chess? About the latter here is her *bon mot*. She said to somebody who came in, "I am sorry you are come just now for I was just going to give Check to the King." Her sort of way of taking every thing & her regularly vicious course puts one in mind of Hogarth's wicked apprentice playing at chuck farthing on the Tombstones & so forth.

I returned from Chiswick yesterday where I have been staying two days & making acquaintance with Denman, who takes me much. He is the sort of person Romilly was, grave & gentlemanlike & pleasing, cautious and acute & altogether very pleasant, & talks of the Queen in the manner I think her *retained* council ought to do. He says she is quite in the hands of these people about her, particularly Wood, that she is quite bored with them all and with their squabbles, all pulling different ways, & trying to set her against each other's party, & above all trying to make her distrustful of him & Brougham (particularly the latter). Those who figure away in this hodge podge are L[ad]y Ann [Hamilton], Parr, Wood & Mr Fellows.¹ He said that he ventured the day before yesterday to say that her *answers* had done a great deal of mischief to her cause with rational people as well as her letter. This surprized her very much for she said she thought they had been beautiful. How-

¹ Lady Anne Hamilton was a daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton; Parr was the Queen's physician, Fellows her chaplain.

ever he said it did good for since then she had sent forth a quiet answer to some address or other. She never takes the trouble to read them & pays for them at so much a line, so they might have been anything. L[or]d C[owper], L[ad]y Barbara,¹ Wm Ponsonby & George went rowing on the river to look at her in Brandenburg House Garden² & found her there sitting with Wood & a dozen other people—the river of course covered with Boats. These two days have been very pleasant & gay. The Duke³ is always a dear good-humoured boy. Many people are going off to Paris for those three weeks.

Lord Grey and those who live at great distances are furious at these Holidays.⁴ It throws them quite out. They wanted to finish it out of hand. There is no pleasing every body! But it is hard on Scotch & Irish Peers. It will fill the Villas & Watering places.

Monday night.

The Duke of Devonshire lives very magnificently at Chiswick—the Garden is so well kept up and in such high order & the Elephant such a nice plaything. George & Caro⁵ seem very comfortable; he is in spirits but not strong, though he looks pretty well but he is obliged to be prudent. They are coming to P[anshanger]

¹ Lady Barbara Lambton, sister-in-law of Lady Jersey.

² At Hammersmith.

³ Of Wellington.

⁴ The case for the prosecution closed on September 9, and the House of Lords adjourned to give time for the preparation of the Queen's defence.

⁵ George Lamb and his wife Caroline.

the end of this week. The Duke has more men friends than he used to have, which is an improvement. Agar Ellis & L[or]d Clare are two of them. It is better than having Girls always about him. I quite agree with you that in England at all times, & particularly at this moment, it is a great misfortune not to be wrong headed & absurd. One finds oneself almost alone a sane person in Bedlam. Our friend Kinnaird is absolutely Frantic about the Queen & why, do you think? Because he is so vexed at being out of Parlt. himself, and he is still more *aggravated*, as the children would call it, by D. Kinnaird being popped out of Parliament—such are the reasons which influence the views of mankind.¹ An ignorant observer would say it was like Tenterden Church being the cause of Goodwin Sands. I hope there may be plenty of strait waistcoats ready by the time the House of Lords meets again.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

[PANSHANGER, Sept. 18th,] 1820.

Last week I went to the Hatfield Brindisi.² It was gayer than usual. There were so many people from London quartered at different Houses in the neighbourhood. *One* party made me sick & that was the one from Brocket, consisting of W[illia]m & Caroline & Dr Walker; he is a friend of Lee's, always with her now.

¹ Lord Kinnaird (1780-1826) was a former suitor of Lady Cowper's. Douglas Kinnaird the banker was his kinsman and a prominent Whig.

² *Brindisi*, in Italian, is a drinking-song. It was a fashionable term, in 1820, for a musical party.

As she could make nothing of Lee, she leaves him & Augustus¹ at Brompton & takes this Man with her into the Country. It's such a low lived thing to take a Scotch Doctor for her lover, & W[illia]m looks so like a fool, arriving with them & looking as pleased as Punch, & she looked so disgusting with her white cross and a dirty gown as if she had been rolled in the Kennel!!! I amuse my leisure hours with writing out the Chancellor Cowper's² diary and illustrating it with all the Portraits of remarkable persons of his time whom he mentions—it will make a very handsome & interesting book—& what is better, it gives L[or]d C[owper] very great pleasure to see it going on.

L[or]d Errol is going to marry the Fitz-Clarence girl who was Charles Fox's flame—this is a very great delight to Lady Holland. *The Abbot* is interesting but not better than *The Monastery*³; both those novels are strange hodge podges and bear the marks of having been written hastily & without much thought. Do tell me how you like little John's book?⁴ he is gone to Paris.

L[ad]y Wentworth⁵ was also at Hatfield, looking as sharp & tart as possible, a thorough roguish figure with a keen Attorney's eye, to hide which she always wears spectacles, which has an odd effect.

¹ Her son, to whom he was tutor.

² The first Earl, Lord Chancellor under Queen Anne and King George I.

³ *The Monastery*, by "the Author of Waverley," appeared in March 1820; *The Abbot* in September 1820.

⁴ Lord John Russell had just published a second edition of his *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character*, dedicated to Moore.

⁵ Judith Noel, Baroness Wentworth, mother of Lady Byron.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

PANSHANGER, Sept. 25th [1820].

DEAR FRED,

What do you think of the fashionable colour at present at Paris being *Chagrin de la reine d'Angleterre*? I suppose it is Pink if one may judge from her going down to the House of Lords in an open Carriage dressed *en Cheveux* with a large wreath of roses round her head!!!!

They say the story is really true of blundering Sir E. Nagel saying in the boat on the Lake near the New Cottage, "We have also got our little Lake of Como"—the King & L[ad]y C[on]yng-
ham] present. She cried:—"I suppose you saw something of all this nonsense in the Newspapers."¹ You see I am come to the dregs of my recollections.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

PAN[SHANGE]R, Sept. 30th, 1820.

Lord C[owper] has just heard that his mother instead of dying is going to marry a young Apothecary, the Son of an old one who had long attended her & who unluckily went to Naples for a few months & left his son in his place. Miss Gore is miserable about it as well she may—if she cares for her Sister—and you may suppose the Scandal & Gossip it makes at Florence—besides this Michellette is known to

¹ Queen Caroline's experiences during her stay at Como had figured largely in the trial.

be *un très mauvais sujet* & a bold impudent fellow. She is 65—Lord C[owper] don't care about it, & only thinks she must be mad, but he will get hold of all her money & probably use her very ill so it is a great pity.¹

The King I know nothing of but Canning's friends say he was very civil to him. Lord Granville says he has no hopes of Vienna but would like Paris if he could get it, however he is going abroad at all events. I rather think *notre frère* ² has a mind to attach himself to Canning. The other day when we were talking of him, he said he thought C[annin]g would as soon do a thing for him as for anybody—& yesterday I saw him write a letter to Ward which is not usual—*qu'en pensez-vous?* I saw no more than the direction but he came from B[rocket] and wrote it here, which made me think it was to avoid Caroline's curiosity.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfurt,
from the Countess Cowper.*

PANS[HANGE]R
Monday, Oct. 2. [1820].

When I get to town I shall be a better correspondent, but here I have nothing to say and a great deal to do & I can hardly spare a moment from my Garden. We go today and I leave this place with a heavy heart for very many reasons. First of all I love it, and then London is odious at this moment for those who are not

¹ Hannah Gore, widow of the fourth Earl Cowper who died in 1789. She lived at Florence and died there on September 5, 1826, aged sixty-eight.

² William Lamb did join Canning in 1827.

absurd, &, having *outlived* the last three weeks' Trial, I dread to fall into the same fire again.

Barbara Creiss's ¹ character stands, I believe, very well with Brougham. He thought at first quite to overset her, but now he thinks the report of her sins came in so thick and fast that it must be a common name in Germany & that she is like the Hercules, upon whom the labours of all the *others* were thrown. I am very curious to hear what the Queen's defence will be, for the facts against her *must* be true. People say the lawyers for the prosecution will fail in cross examining.

My little Fanny is beautiful. I will tell you her likenesses that you may guess at her face. Lord Cowper thinks her like the picture of Lady Lamb at Bocket in the dining room. Caroline Wm ² says she is like P[rince]ss Esterhazy; Caro G. ³ says she is like Pamela Fitzgerald. Are not these odd resemblances for a Child of mine? her Eyes and eye brows are really beautiful & so marked and dark—blue, however.

Tuesday, LONDON.

Here we are, the Town loaded, the Streets full, Horses dying on the road, the Green Man all in a bustle, the pickpockets all on the alert cutting off all the Trunks of the unwary. At all the Turnpikes, coming along, they said, "Mind your Trunks." We came yesterday, dined at Papa's with L[or]d Stair, Luttrell & Motteux, Caro & G[eorge]. Papa quite gay and happy but with a cold, which by the way so have I.

¹ Kress.

² Lady Caroline, the wife of William Lamb.

³ Caroline, the wife of George Lamb.

They say the Queen spends a deal of money on those addresses, paying for Coach & Horses & people & beer. Ld Stair told me one story I thought comical, which may be true. A Man came up with an address from a small Town in Hampshire. He went to Wood who said, "The address is a very good one, but you must come in a coach and four." The Man said, "I have none nor any means of getting one." So Wood said, "Go to a House in a certain place and there you will find one." He went & he found it at the door with *three* Women in it. He said, "Pray, who are these women?" The answer was, "Some Ladies come up from your own Town to accompany you." Away he set, upon which the procession was immediately joined by fifty more people. He said, "Pray, who are all these?" The answer was again, "People from your own Town." Ld Stair saw the coach that led the Procession yesterday. He said it was a Glass Coach with four grey ribs—a Coronet on the pannel, and the Coachman had on an old Livery of the Duke of Northumberland's with some of the Lace cut off. It is odd enough, but at this very moment Minny came to call me to see a Procession—two hundred Carriages, I should think, at least, filled with *rum* Women & with the very Coachman Lord Stair described in a Cock Hat. They went down George St. There is another procession on the river. All these things are very unpleasant. I think we shall not have the business over without rioting. All these things inflame people's minds so much. I heard yesterday of a soldier walking along one of the streets, followed by a couple of hundred boys and

people, crying to him, "Say 'God save the Queen.'" He refused, drew his sword and marched thro' them all in the midst of Hisses & Groans. Even in our quiet town of Hertford there was a rumpus. A publican incited on the Soldiers of the Reg[imen]t quartered at Hertford in his House, drinking a written Toast for the Queen. They refused and carried it to the commanding officer. The Publican will I suppose lose his licence. [It was] the 71st Regt.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

Thursday night, Oct. 26. 1820.

Denman's Speech was very fine, every body agrees. I think he would have done better if he had spared the King more; all that abuse is of no use whatever. Ld Essex calls Carlton House *Nero's Hotel*. Leopold¹ has been today to call on the Queen—this looks as if the Bill would not pass. L[ad]y J[ersey] is *toujours comme un cheval qui prend le mors aux dents* when the Queen is mentioned. Ministers & their friends say the Bill will certainly be carried through, & that the King is so set on it that he would urge it on if he thought to have only *one* majority. They say Ld Ellenborough carried a sort of proposal to Ld Grey that Ministers would let the Bill be thrown out if there could be a means hit upon of saving the Ministers, but he said he could hear of no arrangement of that sort, that he had come unprejudiced, listened to the evidence & should act accordingly without

¹ Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

any arrangement. I don't see what should drive them from their places even if they were to be beat, which is not likely—the King dare not, and they would only say it was his act and not theirs. In Denman's speech there is a violent attack on the Duke of Clarence,¹ who has been about in an indecent manner abusing the Queen, which is not so bad as his abuse of Howman & Fleurs, saying "*I shall take care* they shall never rise in the Navy." The Duke of York is also violent. The Duke of Gloucester for her stoutly—this is not so much believed to be his generosity as he pretends for former friendship, as the Duchess's doing, to prevent the Queen fulfilling her Threat of publishing memoirs of herself & the rest of the Princesses. By the way, such a threat as that shows what a degraded person the Queen is, yet people are so blinded now [that] if she were to do such a thing they would reckon it all fair.

Caro G.² is very kind & good & does all she can. By the way I never said, I think, that she was for the Queen violently—she is rational enough, but of course has rather a leaning that way—out of former affection for B[rougham]. There is very little left now, but of course great admiration, & this is excusable now for he gets uncommon praise for his talents, & one must own he to a degree deserves it for he has managed this whole business uncommonly well & with a degree of prudence which does not usually belong to him. Poor Waite the dentist is dead rather suddenly; he had something the matter with his heart—my Doctor tells me Brougham suffers from an affection of this sort—an extraordinary

¹ Afterwards King William IV.

² Mrs. G. Lamb.

violent action in the great artery which is the cause of the twitching in his face.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

BRIGHTON Nov. 2nd [1820].

Ministers will carry the Bill by a few, it is expected, & Ly J[ersey] is going to see the Queen. I am glad I am out of it all by being here. Shabby Leopold¹ & foolish wild L[or]d Fitzwilliam! Can anything be more improper than for a judge to go and see the accused before he has given his judgment. I am sure the Dog star rages! L[or]d Grey has been trying all he could to keep people back at least till after the Trial was over. The King is very much vexed, but well in health, tho' he has lost three Pounds in the last week or fortnight. L[ad]y Worcester says L[or]d Bathurst is very desponding about the state of affairs. I hope you keep well. The King says Opposition on the whole have behaved well, but he hears every joke and is always angry. He was furious with Brougham's quotation and more so with young Percival for giving it to him—*shapeless Mass* is an unfortunate Epithet.² I think the

¹ Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the King's son-in-law, had called upon Queen Caroline on October 26.

² Brougham, replying to the Attorney-General's contention that the Bill was a public measure and not the private concern of the King, said:—"But who then is the prosecutor? What is this mysterious being?"

'That shape hath none,
Distinguishable in member, joint or limb,
Or substance may be called which shadow seems.
... What seems his head
The likeness of a kingly crown has on.'

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Book ii, 666, etc.

The reference is to one of the two figures at the gate of hell.

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Attorney General's speech very good, & great part very true and well put—in short the *fact*.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

[BRIGHTON, November] 1820.

You want to know about Ld L[iverpool]'s proposal.¹ It was not made publicly but, as I understand, hinted, I suppose, to B[rougham] to know if that arrangement would be satisfactory. L[ad]y H[ertfor]d first told me of it, upon which I mentioned it to L[or]d Cowper, and he said, “Oh! you have heard of that, have you? I was told it as a great secret and had promised not to tell”; and as far as I remember he was so close that he did not tell me the person who had confided in him—but to satisfy your curiosity I wrote to him by the Post to London today and desired him if he remembered about it to write you word the particulars. L[ad]y H[ertfor]d, you know, is always *boutonnée* & will never tell who has told her a thing. She thinks, I suppose, that Mystery adds to the weight of Her Oracles. L[or]d C[owper] is still in London, dividing away, and I doubt not talking nonsense, as I know he is acting foolishly, for he writes me word he has been to see the Queen. What folly, and what a preposterous act, judges going to see the accused before they have pronounced their judgment. For he, Thanet, Argyle, Essex, Darnley, Fitzwilliam, all went before the division. I wrote him word I was not surprized, for that

¹ An offer to Queen Caroline on June 4, 1820, of £50,000 a year to keep out of the United Kingdom and renounce the title of Queen.

no one can live with mad Dogs without being bit. I like to row him a little but it's all the better for him that he should agree with his friends & it's a good thing to be eager about Politicks or any thing else, so that he is amused & interested by it.

As I am away & can only send you news second hand, I inclose 3 notes from L[or]d Stair, who is my best correspondent. They will show you what people say & what their motives are supposed to be—as I believe you don't care for Postage, I also add one of L[or]d C[owper]'s to show you why the Opposition vote for the Divorce. I have a letter from Fanny saying that Huskisson is with them and very low and says that if Ministers do not carry the Bill they must go out, & that he knows in this case L[or]d Liverpool intends to resign. She says L[or]d E[gre]mont is strongly against the Bill, says it should fail & never ought to have been thought of. L[ad]y J[ersey] is still wild & with her *Tête montée*, thinking the Queen innocent. The best Joke is to have people reprobate the idea of Serv[an]ts' evidence & saying what a horror it is & how ungentlemanlike to listen to it, as if this was quite a new case & as if every Serv[an]t in every House did not believe it to be part of his duty to watch his Lady. I am rather glad to have been out of Town at this Time for I should have been worried to go to see her, & now I am clear of the whole thing. Her protest shocks me beyond measure. It is so atrocious, so wicked, so unprincipled, to volunteer such an Oath when she cannot be innocent. A Woman may be found to do such a thing & may be wretched at it, but reconcile it to her conscience

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by saying, "Yours is the sin for forcing me to it"—but here it is ~~the~~ mere wickedness uncalled for. It sets me ten times more against her, for it is quite horrible.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

BRIGHTON,
Monday, Decr. 3rd. [1820].

I got your letter two days ago by the *Courier* after a very short passage. I should have liked L[ad]y Egremont's name to appear in the *Courier* but I would not have done it on Fanny's account even if I had thought it fair to vex L[ad]y Jersey; besides, I think L[or]d E[gre]mont would have disliked it very much. I think the list of Ladies who have call'd appearing every day in the *Courier* must annoy L[ad]y Jersey, but I have not seen her to know and I can only guess so by her letters & by her anxiety to get other people to call, that her example may be followed. She leaves me alone knowing my *obstinate* disposition but she is always at Mrs Hope to make her go.

I don't think Ministers will go out, yet I don't well see either how they can remain in, and meet Par[liamen]t and all the addresses. The King dare not turn them out and I don't think he could make an administration if he did—he saw L[or]d Grenville for three hours but I dare say it was only to tell him the *whole story*.¹ What passed has remained very close ;

¹ The Grenville party, Buckingham, Thomas Grenville, Grenville, Charles Wynn, Dr. Phillimore, Sir George Nugent, Sir Walker Wynn, W. Freemantle, joined the Government in July 1822.

nobody seems to know. L[or]d Wellesley stood quite aloof in the Queen's business & after the first days did not attend. People say he is worn out or it may be [a] trick.

Hertfordshire rents will I fear be bad; we hear of arrears expected & Spencer Cowper writes a bad account. I know not how it is accounted for, but he says there is plenty of corn but no demand for it at Market. Nobody can sell. Yet I believe there is no foreign corn brought in now. One of L[or]d C[owper]'s farmers (a bad one luckily) has given notice of departure. Papa has just received all his rents from Notts without any deduction, so I hope this is not the case everywhere. Woolmers is sold for 25,000 to one of the Meux's the Brewers.

Lloyd¹ is abused & baited & consequently savage. The *Times* has a whole paragraph upon this meddling, would-be consequential person. They say he is furious. I am glad he should be kept in order, but I wish our little County was quieter; they seem to be as mad as the rest. L[ad]y Salisbury was hissed as she went into the house to the Hertford Ball.

The King is still at the Cottage, *plus épris que jamais*—Lady Co[nyn]g[ha]m drives over from Denison's to see him, and they say he watches like a boy for the sound of her carriage. He will not come here, tho' he wishes it, because he could not manage to have her here just now. It would make such a bad effect. Adieu, dearest Fred. You have not mentioned your health lately—tell me how you are? Will you come over and settle next year and marry?

¹ Of Hertford.

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L[ad]y G[eorgian]a Bathurst or Miss Jones ? The first is a very nice Girl and I think you would like the latter, she is so lady like and pretty.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

Thursday December 7.

Have you seen the attack in the *Courier* on Lady Jersey ? I think it is well done and must have rarely provoked her if she saw it. Here is a joke for you. Why is the Queen like the Bill of Pains and Penalties ? Because they are both abandoned.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

GEORGE ST,
Friday, Dec. 15. 1820.

We came here the day before yesterday and intend only staying two days or three days more.

Ld Stair says in Scotland he has found the common people everywhere for the Queen—and the Gentlemen against—which he looks upon as a sad state of things, when every day's events tend to separate the higher & lower ranks, & make the breach wider. I do think her the most infernal Devil that ever was created. She seems to have *ni foi ni loi*. I do think her impudence in writing to the King (in favour of the forging Woman who was to be hanged)¹

¹ To the Queen's letter, dated December 3, Lord Sidmouth replied that the King could not interfere.

exceeds anything I ever heard, & the Sacrament at Hammersmith & her Visit to St. Paul's,¹ all for the mere object of raising the mob, is too atrocious—yet it appears to me people do not think half enough of it. Those who do not approve say nothing about it—& those who abuse her have called her already so many names, there is nothing new in the way of abuse to lavish upon her. What will be done, I believe, nobody knows—but it's a sad state of things & I'm almost inclined to croak. I don't believe anything would induce her to go now, tho' she is bored to death. There is a satisfaction in being revenged on the King, & she knows it would be pleasing him & her other enemies if she was to take herself off. He was very ill the other day & blooded twice—all brought on by worry, but I believe he is getting well again. People say Knighton² has quite put Tierney's nose out of joint. He will certainly not go to Brighton now as he cannot manage about L[ad]y C[onyngha]m.

I believe the only thing to quiet the country would be if he had courage to turn out these Ministers—it would make people fancy they were going to have a change of measures. I don't think it a pleasant time for anybody to come in nor could anything be done when the misfortune is debt & Taxes & deficient revenue—but a change might allay the general discontent. And if Taxes must be laid on, these people with their

¹ The Queen attended the Parish Church at Hammersmith on November 19, and went in procession to St. Paul's Cathedral on November 29, to return thanks for her deliverance.

² Sir William Knighton, physician and confidential adviser to King George iv.

unpopularity never can do it, & a change *might perhaps* prevent the whole thing going to ruin—which otherwise seems at present very probable. The enormous increase of the poors rates the last year is tremendous—everywhere one hears of distress, & both in Kent & Hertfordshire we are prepared to expect great arrears as the farmers cannot sell their produce.

L[ad]y Holland has been on a visit at Cashio-bury & found the bread there so bad that she sent an express up to Town for a loaf, but before it could arrive she was obliged to eat a mouthful of the nasty drug and she has never been well since.

When they broke Lloyd's ¹ windows, they kept crying out "L[or]d Cowper for ever," which must have made him still more furious. He is a nasty time-serving fellow, I am glad he is worried. This cup to L[or]d Salisbury is all his doing, and if any fool starts such a thing, no one can well object, but it's great nonsense. By the way, you may not know what I am talking of. This year is the 50th of L[or]d Sal[isbur]y's being L[or]d L[ieutenan]t, so the County are to give him a piece of plate, the sub[scriptio]ns limited to ten guineas. L[or]d C[owper] is one of the Committee for chusing the design. He only desired there might be no politics in it, so they gave it him, as the address runs—for *his urbanity*. All this is in my opinion mighty foolish, but it looks cross & captious to object—tho', as I said to Lloyd, one might just as well give a Man a present for having possessed an Annuity fifty years. I think it would be much more rational that, having the good luck

¹ Mr. Lloyd of Hertford.

to keep a thing he likes for fifty years, *he* should give something to the County at the end of it—instead of their giving him anything.

There is great delight here at the D[uche]ss of Clarence's daughter.¹ I suppose the King likes it to cut out Victoria & Leopold & so am I that he should be vexed for behaving so like a fool about the Queen—such a mean miserable fellow.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

[LONDON, December 1820.]

[Beginning of letter missing.]

George is very happy and well employed between Catullus, Drury Lane & Sir John Coke's letters of which he means to make a very interesting book. He would not hear of Caro. G. going to see the Queen. She had *half* a mind but, seeing him so violent, she gave it up, & it's well she did, for I think it would have been very foolish of her & quite uncalled for on her part. Papa hates London & sighs for Brighton. How people change! Altho' he *never* exceeds Tierney's prescription & only drinks one glass of Negus, he manages *somehow or other to be drunkish*. I suppose it must be the fog that makes him so.

¹ This was the second daughter of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William iv. His elder daughter, born in March 1819, lived but a few hours. The Princess Elizabeth Georgina Adelaide was born on December 10, 1820, and died nearly three months later. Had she lived she would have succeeded to the throne, in place of her cousin, the Princess Victoria, whose father, the Duke of Kent, was a younger brother of the Duke of Clarence. King George iv. hated the widowed Duchess of Kent and her brother, Prince Leopold.

CHAPTER V

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH'S COURT

IN January 1821 Lady Cowper wrote from Pan-shanger to Frederick at Frankfort, describing the winter cold, and Lord Cowper's rheumatism. "He is an impatient and not a patient longing for a change to some warmer place." She ended her letter with :

"There is a new paper published in England, called the *John Bull* which makes everybody very angry. The editor is Theodore Hook. I am told it is clever but very abusive, and some times blackguard. It is aimed at the Whig Radicals, and I think its abusing women very infamous. They are going a round of all those who have visited the Queen. I have heard as yet only of Mrs. Brougham, the D[uche]ss of Bedford and L[ad]y Tankerville. Brougham, like a Coward as he is, says blustering that he will knock down anybody who takes it in. Caro G. told me this, so I said to her he knew where to find the Editor, and that it appeared to me much shorter to go and knock *him* down. By the way you may like to see it, so by this post I write to Ridgway to desire he will send it to you."

Otherwise the letters have not much political interest. Lady Cowper was chiefly concerned

with the improvements at Panshanger — the gallery which she and Lord Cowper were building and the terraces which she was laying out :

“ I cannot bear to go to London, for I love this place . . . our improvements are the greatest you can imagine. The terrace in a winter's sun will be heavenly. The farmers are many of them paying up, which is a good hearing and may perhaps enable us to go on with our building this year. This county is not in distress, I think. Sussex¹ is the worst, and in some of the manufacturing districts the poors rate ruin them. In our part of Sussex they could not even collect the taxes.”

Every letter contains allusions to health, gout, nerves, and the many ills of that time, and their concomitant remedies, bark, colchicum, calomel, lettuce pills—“ a heavenly opiate,” she calls them. Bleeding she abhorred, and ended up a tirade about its application to herself by “ Damn the doctors, say I.”

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

PANSHANGER, *Feby.* 8th. 1821.

Here we have been about a week and shall stay another at least. I have no Country news but that Lord Cranborne² was married last Friday, & such is the eagerness of those young

¹ Lord Cowper had estates in Sussex as well as in Hertfordshire.

² He married on February 2, 1821, Miss Frances Mary Gascoyne.

Tories that even that did not prevent his going up to the House & division on Monday. Woolmers is sold to Sir Gore Ousley for 20,000 pounds, including fixtures and everything, which is very cheap & a better neighbour for us than Meux who was in treaty for it. These last divisions have made people very eager. They shew Ministers are strong but yet there is a large body against them. I see Huskisson has been marched forward to speak. I suppose he was afraid of losing his place. All Canning's friends are puzzled and look foolish, not knowing what to do.¹ The figure he cuts is miserable, but I suppose when all this is over, Bragge Bathurst will give him back his place again, and they will go on as they did before. William is much abused though very unjustly for his speech about the Queen—I mean by the Whigs who are very angry. I think so far his speech would have been *as well* not spoken, & certainly Brougham's observation on it was true. That you had no right to expect the Q[ueen] as the injured person to step forward & be magnanimous. Now I think her dished—people are getting tired of the subject and she seems to have no more cards to play—& it is impossible for her to make a Court or to go on without money. Leicester Stanhope, it is said, is willing to be her Chamberlayne instead of Keppel Craven, who is sick of the business and wants to go abroad. The King was very well received at Drury Lane—and I think his going to the Theatres to shew he was not afraid

¹ Canning, to mark his disapproval of the proceedings against the Queen, had remained abroad during the trial, and on his return resigned the Presidency of the Board of Control, in which he was succeeded by Bragge Bathurst in January 1821.

is the *first* wise thing he has done since the beginning of his reign.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfurt,
from the Countess Cowper.*

Tuesday March 13. 1821.

I don't think I have any particular news to tell you. The Opera opened brilliantly, was very full & is likely to succeed. Only those abuse it who have no boxes & don't like to lay down money. The King is to have a Court soon & the Coronation, it is said, will take place this year. The King's Journey to Ireland is also talked of, but they say he will not dare show his face there without these resolutions in favour of the Catholics are carried. One thing shows he has altered his mind upon it, that at the last debate upon it there were no notes as heretofore from Carlton House to procure attendance.

We think of going to Brighton for a fortnight at Easter to please Papa. I should like meeting you at Paris much better, but there are difficulties. First it would vex him sadly to hear of such a proposal; then we want money & must be on the spot to settle about rents. Till now we are paid pretty well, but there must be deductions made at Midsummer & we want all money to finish the buildings. L[or]d C[owper] has so many different sources of income that if he loses in one way he gains in another—then he means to stop for a year or two putting into the sinking fund, which will be five hundred pounds towards loss of rents. I think we shall *do* very well but must think a little of economy and for

a journey to Paris one ought to have plenty to throw away.

I think I told you Tierney had given up the lead.¹ The reason is ill health & disappointment & bore & above all that nobody attends him. Many of our rational friends think it will be better and that when in fact there is no leader, there will be less jealousy of him, & that his opinion will have more weight & that perhaps the whole party may hang better together or, if not this, that they will quite divide and the violent ones walk off together. B[rougham] is on the circuit making money &, I believe, disgusted with the Queen & her affairs, & above all her letter which everybody talks of & nobody can see. She has not shown it nor have the Ministers that I can hear, but from what is told it appears very foolish & quite out of her own head—a completely altered tone & a descent from her high horse. However she is quite *dished*, so that it signifies little what she does now, but any foolish move of this sort makes those who have supported her look the more foolish. L[ad]y J[ersey] is come to town furious against *John Bull* & all its readers, but nobody minds what she says.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

March 16th, 1821.

Minny was born, poor love, with far too much heart for her own happiness & she is so considerate, which is surprizing in a Child made so

¹ Of the Whig Opposition.

much of. Madlle. was ill yesterday, so Minny said when she went to bed, "I suppose I shall have to get up in the night for her two or three times." *Me* "But, my Love, I desire you will not. I can't hear of Madlle. waking you in the night." *Minny* "Is that fair, Mama, for you know if I was ill she would get up for me." How unlike L[ad]y Jersey & all the Heiresses & all the spoilt Children! who never feel the duties of reciprocity.

We had a large dinner on Wednesday for L[ad]y Holland which was uncommonly agreeable because she begged to have a mixed dinner—"some of the company not her daily bread," meaning the big Whigs. I thought her wise for her declaration. The same political set at dinner every day must be tiresome in the long run—& people of our party call her shabby for not wishing like L[ad]y R. Spencer that there should be a deep pit between her and all Tories, *comme c'est ridicule*. L[ad]y H[ollan]d named her company. L[or]d H[ollan]d, Granvilles, Hopes, L[or]d Erskine, Ward, Ellis, Clanwilliam, Allen, Luttrell & Williams. I give you their names like the *Morning Post* because I have plenty of paper to write on & I think at a distance anything is amusing. It shews the times. L[or]d C[owper] did not at first *Stomach* asking L[or]d Castlereagh's Secretary, but afterwards liked his dinner of all things, & better than if he had had L[or]d Thanet & Co, Motteux, Creevey & so forth. L[ad]y Jersey & I are apparently on very good terms but *she* is in fact in a Devil of a temper—finds people take in *John Bull* in spite of her & will not go to see the Queen altho she has given her *high* authority for its being

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decent and proper. What stuff are people made of who find life & society tiresome when they are in good health, & have neither Liver or spleen affected, & have spirits enough to laugh at instead of being vexed by the ordinary little tracasseries of life—but for this it is necessary to have *un fonds de bonheur* at home and a real friend like you to whom one can write all one's thoughts. I assure you I am not unmindfull or unthankfull for the great advantages I possess.

Poor George has been unwell again. I believe this was brought on by carelessness & by sitting up with Elliston¹ after the Plays drinking Punch. What a pity that a *bon vivant* who enjoys all those things so much should not be stronger.

Almack's is thin. Nobody likes going *before* Easter. The fools think it is not *fashionable*—that magic word which has such power in England. Brother W[illia]m seems quite well again. Lady [Caroline] Lamb goes on breaking Crockery, fighting Dr Lee & dragooning her people, but to outward appearance she is much quieter. I should not know of these little home exhibitions if Lee had not made a confidant of Young Jack.²

[May 1821.]

Poor Lady Worcester seems to have died almost in public.³ L[ad]y Jersey, L[ad]y E. Vernon were there & the D[uche]ss of Bedford in the next room, rather angry she would not

¹ R. W. Elliston, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, to whose talent as a comedian Lamb pays high compliment in two of his most charming Essays.

² Jack Milbanke, afterwards Sir John Milbanke.

³ The first wife of the Marquess of Worcester, afterwards seventh Duke of Beaufort. She died on May 11, 1821.

see her, which is no wonder considering all her own relations besides.

The King received the Duke of Devonshire with all kindness at M[a]d[am]e de Lieven's, and has appointed to dine with him next Friday. We are invited to meet him so I will give you an account of it. I suppose Ministers will be rather angry at this mark of favour shown to the Duke. You will see what the *Courier* says about the Coronation & the Visit to Ireland. From that it would appear certain, & I do think, if he goes anywhere, it will be to Ireland. The only chance of its being stopped is, I suppose, the Queen making a rout, but now he is so popular, her moves are of less consequence. If I was in his Shoes, I would leave the Coronation alone this year, it is the only thing that can bring her name up again.

LONDON

Tuesday 22nd [May 1821].

The Duke¹ asked George & Mrs. L[amb] to dinner to meet the King, which I am glad of, as it pleases her. The D[uke] is I do think very amiable in many things and in none more than in his conduct to her, treating her always exactly as his Sisters & making no difference. At all his grand dinners he always invites her & them. However, the dinner is now put off for some days. The King has had a nob cut out of his forehead which they say pushed up his wig. It has been growing a year & is nothing to signify, but all the Courtiers make a great secret of it. But I am told that it will be healed directly and that the dinner will take

¹ The Duke of Devonshire.

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place as soon as he is well. The King wrote to the Duke to say so—but the report abroad is that the King repents his engagement and wants to get off, & that Ministers have remonstrated and said people would say he had no confidence in them, & so forth & that his intention was after this dinner to dine with Lord Lansdowne & the Duke of Bedford—a round of Whigs—but this I think all nonsense & probably, when his forehead is recovered, he will go and dine with the Duke & there is no necessity for his going to anybody else. Another report also is that Ministers said to him, “You shall have the Coronation or a tour to Ireland, but not both.” Hanover appears to be quite out of the question.

The Duke had an audience of two hours from the King about this dinner and he talked to him a great deal. Said he did not think it was against his dignity to live with people he liked or to be in private habits of intimacy with people that suited him, notwithstanding they might chuse to oppose the Ministers he might think it right at this time to keep. This looks as if the Ministers had been at him with representations. Belasys is quite unhappy at the Duke & D[uche]ss of Gloucester not being included in the general amnesty and being cut out from the Court.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfurt,
from the Countess Cowper.*

GEORGE ST, June 22d. 1821.

I went yesterday to Westminster Hall to see preparations for the banquet & to Westr. Abbey

where all the Seats & red Cloth are spreading. It really will be a very fine sight & it seems so actively carried on & so forward that I cannot but think now that it really will take place. L[or]d Gwydyr was in full activity; he seems delighted at having the management of all this & will, I think, do it very well, look it well, and is so good natured & obliging. The K[ing], I believe, thinks of nothing else. He is grown very kind to me and has put my name down for a good place at the Coronation. I really feel to love him very much; there is something so good about his heart & *first* feelings. He talked a great deal to me at D[evonshire] H[ouse], said what I think quite true that he had come to his Throne too late in life. "Twenty years ago or at the time you married it would have done very well, but now all my habits are formed & it is irksome to me." I really felt for him when he said this—and he was so kind about Papa, seemed so much to regret his being grown so old, was so kind about you. If he has sometimes behaved ill to his friends, so have they to him, so it's all even. He will hardly speak to W[illia]m & Caroline. I don't know why this is, but I suppose, as it is particularly to her, that he has heard of her riding about in the Queen's mobs, or of her saying something about her, for you know she always talks at random & she says *Bloomfield*¹ *refused to shake hands with her*. Can one put oneself so low by the way? But she is such a low minded person—& that is the worst of her. The Ministers are very sore about the King's behavior to them & the Duke of North[umberlan]d very much

¹ Blomfield, Bishop of London.

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affronted that he was not selected rather than the Duke of D[evonshire].

I am very well again. My Baby grows beautiful but not like any of the other Children. I long to shew her to you. We have now got a stone terrace in front of the House at Panshanger, & the Gallery will be magnificent. There is a bridge built at Honel *pour vous plaire* & the Partridges are promising. You see that I am telling you all the miscellaneous news I can think of. L[or]d C[owper] has engaged a Keeper for Digswell, & he has been obliged to make an allowance to his Tenants—two things hardly compatible, but if tradesmen would lower their prices as they ought to keep pace with the rents, it would be all very well. Many people are going to Paris. The Duc de Grammont is to be sent over to attend the Coronation. L[or]d Clanwilliam says you have got leave, so I hope soon to hear something of your movements.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

GEORGE ST,
Tuesday July 10th [1821].

It appears to me that you will not be able to come just now, as far as I guess from L[or]d Clanwilliam's conversation, and I don't know but what you may prefer coming a month or two later. In fact, it may be pleasanter for you than being in the midst of this bustle. L[or]d Burghersh is here & Sir H. Wellesley & L[or]d Stewart daily expected. This is what I make out from Tierney of the King's plans, the Coronation

on the 19th, early in the next week a Levee, Drawing Room and a Grand Ball, & a day or two afterwards to Brighton, from whence he will sail to Ireland—his Horses, in number 25, are already gone. This Irish Journey will take no more than three weeks and then they will all come back again and I suppose go to Brighton.

They promise us a sad rum set of Peers. Only two names are good, Ld Ravensworth & Ld Delamere—Sir T. Liddell & Tom Cholmondeley. Then we have Donoughmore, Marquis of Alexandria, L[or]d James Murray Lord Glen Lion (who, it is supposed, would be a suitable companion at the Coronation for L[ord] Rock Savage), L[or]d Westmeath to be made a Marquis, who is said not to have money enough to pay for the Fees—& Ld Eldon an Earl, with his second title—Lord *income*, & Wellesley Pole Ld Merryborough or as some call it Merryfellow, *enfin c'est folie ou badinage*.¹

L[or]d & L[ad]y Jersey have announced how that they stay for the Coronation, *comme c'est ridicule*—but I must bridle my tongue, for I am going today to dine alone with her and to *explain* why I don't seem so fond of her as I used to be.

¹ The new honours were announced on July 14. The second Earl of Donoughmore, created Baron Hutchinson of Alexandria in 1801—he had succeeded on Abercromby's death to the command of the British Army in Egypt—was promoted to be a Viscount of the United Kingdom. Lord James Murray, second son of the fourth Duke of Atholl, was made Baron Glenlyon. The Earldom of Rock-savage had been created as a subsidiary title for the first Marquess of Cholmondeley in 1815. The eighth Earl of Westmeath had to wait till January 1822 for his Marquessate. Lord Eldon was created an Earl, with the subsidiary title of Viscount Encombe. Sir William Wellesley Pole was created Baron Maryborough, and in 1842 succeeded his brother, the Marquess Wellesley, as third Earl of Mornington.

Elle me le demande. Ce sera bien long si j'entre dans tous les détails—but don't be alarmed for me, I shall survive it! One principle I always keep in mind and I do think it is of more use than anything—in all little disputes with one's friends never to use offensive expressions for in time the quarrel and all the causes of it disappear and are forgotten, but the words remain.

I am sure the whole thing¹ will be a dreadfull bore & I wish it were well over. But it is impossible not to go & see it. I cut the Peeresses and go in L[or]d Gwydyr's box where we shall have every convenience of accommodation and each Lady may bring a Knight, which is better than sitting all day next to some strange Peeress one never saw before. I have chosen George Fortescue for my attendant, which is a great favour for places are much in request. I believe we are to embark at Vauxhall in full dress. Feathers & Diamonds & streaming ringlets & to land in Cotton Garden & so slip into the Abbey but to get out will I am told be the difficulty.

Lambton is just returned from Paris. He says poor Napoleon's death seemed to make no sensation. Without approving or admiring the man, there is something very melancholy in the close of his career after such a brilliant situation as he might still have been in. He appears to have behaved with great patience and fortitude.

This chapter may well conclude with a sprightly letter of about the same date, in which Lord Palmerston describes a visit to France.

¹ The Coronation.

To Mrs. Sullivan from Lord Palmerston.

HAVRE, *Wednesday night.*

[*September 1821.*]

MY DEAR ELIZABETH,

Here I am, as Merry says, in this extraordinary place, and after a passage so safe that a child might have made it with ease (if not subject to seasickness). For grown-up people, however, it was somewhat tedious as we sailed about three yesterday and did not get here till near five to-day. Our wind luckily was fair, for there was so little of it that if it had been contrary we should not have arrived till the equinoxial gales came to our assistance. We just got out of St. Helens by dusk yesterday when the wind gradually died away, and it was as calm all night as far as the wind was concerned, but as the sea had not been made a party to the arrangement we had a good deal of dead tossing & rolling about with sails flapping and booms bumping, the consequence of which was a very constant & general requisition for the Steward; I luckily did not require his assistance. Our party was not very large but somewhat comical. The principal personages were Bob Heathcote without his Columbine, & William Maddocks with a portly dame who passed among the passengers for Lady Maddocks but who was better calculated for Falstaff than Columbine. But both Heathcote & Maddocks are entertaining people & as far as they went the passage was pleasant enough. I have found Gally Knight, who arrived in the other packet, & I take him in my carriage to Paris which will be for our mutual advantage. We shall start tomorrow as soon after eight as

the Douaniers will allow, and shall probably sleep at Rouen or a stage beyond & reach Paris the next day. I am anxious to get there as soon as I can, as I have a good account from Heron Court to carry.

I was really very much struck with the picturesque effect of the town & people &, with all my prejudice against the French, I must own that there is a great deal of natural good manner & civility among the lower classes & particularly the women which one does not meet with in England. The Douaniers & some of the civil inhabitants seem to be great Buonapartists. I was amused with a little boy of about eight years old whom I heard screaming out a song as he walked along the street & the words of which I collected to be—

Bientôt plus de Guerre !
 Tous les Rois sont morts.
 Il n'y a que l'Angleterre
 Qui résiste encore.
 Tiggi riggi Dong Dong La Beauté,
 Tiggi Riggi Dong Dong ah c'est beau !

Not being quite sure of them & wishing to hear the rest I stopped him and asked him what was the pretty song he was singing. He, however, would not tell me. At last, after much pressing to know at least how it began, he said it began with *Vive le Roi!!!* a lying little dog. But upon repeating the words to him he acknowledged I had them right but would not own to there being any other stanza.

This is a very picturesque town ; it stands at the mouth of the Seine on a point of land with a steep hill rising immediately behind it, covered

with trees and villas. Its commerce is not very thriving—as an instance there are three merchant ships on the stocks which were begun during the Peace of Amiens and have been left there ever since. I got the horses & carriage over without accident, & Joseph has learnt to say “*Prenez garde*” with a most authoritative & imposing air.

The Bonapartist lad, it will be seen, took much the same view as the Bolsheviks do—of England as the last stronghold of Conservative principles.

CHAPTER VI

CASTLEREAGH AND CANNING

MANY of Lady Cowper's letters are pictures of a gay, cheerful life, with accounts of a villa she and Lord Cowper had taken at Fulham, or of parties at Vauxhall, the gossip of a London Season, so light and trifling that at the end of one letter describing a servants' ball at Pan-shanger and Minny's perfection she says herself, "I know you like all details . . . otherwise I am afraid this will appear a sad twaddle to those who open your letters thinking to find State secrets in them." This remark may have been put in as a blind, for almost immediately after in another letter she placed an unimportant matter in clear under a cypher, asking "Can you read this, and did you understand my last?"

Her knowledge of the inner workings of politics was very great owing to her family connections and to her increasing friendship with the Secretary at War, Lord Palmerston. She received every one with whom it was well to be on terms of at least acquaintance, whatever their reputation. She spoke of Montrond,

the French diplomatist, as a guest at Pan-shanger. "We are to have shooting here at the end of the month," she wrote. "Montrond laughs at the practice he finds in England, of not counting as men at this time of year but counting them only as *fusils*."

George Canning had resigned the Presidency of the Board of Control in December 1820 because he did not approve of the King's demand for a divorce. He knew that he had thereby offended the King, and was not likely to have much prospect of further advancement in official life. When the Directors of the East India Company offered him the post of Governor-General of India in March 1822, he accepted it. He was on his way to Liverpool to bid farewell to his constituents, when he learned that his great rival Castlereagh, now Lord Londonderry, had died by his own hand on August 12, 1822.

A particularly vivid account of the tragedy is given by Lord Palmerston in a letter written the same day to his brother-in-law Sullivan :

W.O. [*Monday*] 12 *Aug.* 1822.

You will probably see in the papers more details of Ld Londonderry's death than I have time to give you. His friends had remarked from the middle of last week a lowness & depression of spirits. On Saturday his mind became much affected, & during that day & Sunday he laboured under strong delusions. The means resorted to

seemed, however, to have abated the general inflammation of system & care had been taken, as it was thought, to remove from his reach everything with which he could do himself any injury & L[ad]y Londonderry watched by his bedside all Sunday night, Dr Bankhead sleeping in an adjoining room. This morning at 7 o'clock L[ad]y Londonderry called Dr B., saying that Ld L. wished to speak to him. While she was out of the room Ld L. had risen from his bed, & had gone into his dressing room. Dr B. on entering found him standing in his dressing room, with his back towards the door & his head looking up to the ceiling, & Ld L. exclaimed "it is all over! Catch me in your arms." He immediately fell and instantly expired, holding in his hand a small penknife with which he had put an end to his existence. The knife belonged to a pocket book & had been overlooked; it is probable that if he could have been got through a day or two longer the disorder might have been mastered. He was at Gray.

There could not have been a greater loss to the Govt., & few greater to the country at the present moment: in the House of Commons we cannot replace him. I conclude Canning must come in, but of course, till the King returns to London, no arrangements can be made or even considered. If the cause & manner of Ld L's death should not be in the paper mention it only to Clive & Eliz[abeth] till you hear it from other quarters, but I presume it will be in the *Courier* this evening. The particulars I give you are from a statement I saw this afternoon at Lord Liverpool's.

This was the turning-point of Canning's career, for the whole of Liberal public opinion proclaimed, with Palmerston, that he was the only man qualified to succeed to the Foreign Office at that very critical moment.

When Lord Liverpool proposed the appointment of Canning, the King refused point-blank. His decision, he said, was "final and unalterable," but in the end he gave way, at the entreaty of the Duke of Wellington. Canning became Foreign Secretary on September 16, and sent the Duke as his representative to the European Congress which Castlereagh himself had designed to attend. The Congress, after assembling at Vienna, adjourned to Verona, where it began to discuss the Spanish Question on October 20. The King of Spain, Ferdinand VII., had been compelled in 1820 to grant his people a constitution. The restored Bourbon Government in France declared that they saw in this a menace to their security, as the Pyrenees alone divided them from Spain, and they intimated in unequivocal fashion that they were, if necessary, prepared for armed intervention on behalf of the Spanish Bourbons. Canning, like Castlereagh, strongly disapproved of intervention in Spanish domestic affairs. In his instructions to Wellington he said, "That if there be a determined project to interfere by force or by menace in the present struggle in Spain, so convinced are his Majesty's Government of the useless-

ness and danger of such interference, so objectionable does it appear to them in principle as well as in practice, that when the necessity arises—or *I would rather say when the opportunity offers*—I am to instruct your Grace at once frankly and peremptorily to declare that to any such interference, come what may, his Majesty will not be a party.” The Duke faithfully obeyed his instructions and, when he found his arguments were unavailing, he retired from the Congress.

Lady Cowper, brought up by a mother who had written to Frederick Lamb, “Canning is not pleasant in my eyes,” did not care for the turn of events, and, like many others, according to Creevey, thought that the Duke of Wellington should have been the new Foreign Secretary. She was evidently seeing much of him when she wrote to Frederick :

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

PANSHANGER,
Tuesday, Sept. 10. 1822.

The Duke of Wel[lingto]n has been very seriously ill & confined to his bed, which has delay'd the arrangements, as the King said he would settle nothing till after he had seen him : very likely this was to gain time only, or it may have been to ask his advice. I should think he saw the Duke yesterday, as he was much better and able to go out, but he was very ill for a few days

with high fever and violent inflammation. He had a blister on his breast and was twice cupped in one day, & is very much lowered by it, so that I should think he would not be able to set off¹ for some days. I was quite anxious about him for I quite doat upon that *dear* Duke; he is so open hearted and kind and unostentatious & after one misfortune one always fears another, they so seldom come alone—& he is so very good natured to me.

I don't know why now but I am afraid of the Foreign Office. I think Clan[william] is so anxious about his own situation that he wants to know everything. I fancy he is terribly afraid of Canning's coming & I am told he calls on F. Conyngham every morning to pump him. I am always very glad of anything that he likes & would at any time do anything to serve him, particularly now when I pity him so much, but I don't know why. I think he always looks upon me as an enemy. I suppose proposals will be made to Canning. I wish the Duke might have the Foreign Office instead. I am delighted to go to town for I hope to make out something and at all events to write you the reports.

I got your letter today of the 29th. Bankhead's situation was awkward but after Lord L[ondonderry] asking for his pistols, I think they might have been justified in putting him under restraint. Somebody said if he had had blisters put on his feet, this would have prevented his getting out of bed and made him helpless if it did no other good. In general, patients who are mad dislike seeing a doctor—but here L[or]d L[ondonderry] was anxious to

¹ To the Congress at Vienna.

have Bankhead and begged of him to come and stay with him. I wonder with you that they did not open his head.¹

England in 1823 was recovering her old prosperity, and her financial policy was being modified. Canning and his friend, William Huskisson, who had married Lady Cowper's cousin, were leading the way in the improvement of the system of taxation; they were advancing also towards Free Trade, which has been so long the policy of England. The cry for economy was not more popular than it is in the present day, and Lady Cowper's accounts of the large and fashionable party assembled at Middleton, Lord and Lady Jersey's country house, with their talk of money and their annoyance at having to reduce rents, might be written now. Lord Sefton, famous for his hospitality, his extravagance and his grumbling at taxation, was there. Creevey wrote at Croxteth in 1827:

"Poor Sefton was quite *en désespoir* the night before last; there had been so few pheasants that day at Kirklin Ruff his best cover. He was really speechless except when he said it was the last time he ever should be there. In short he might have lost half his estate at least. To think of the most successful man the world can give, and he can't exist

¹ Dr. Bankhead was Castlereagh's physician. Castlereagh was suffering from gout and from a nervous breakdown produced by overwork. Anxious to regain his health so that he might attend the Congress, he took an overdose of drugs and lost control of himself.

without excitement for every moment of the day.”¹

It was Lord Sefton who told a friend : “ There will be no landed estates left in thirty years’ time ”—a prophecy which is still being made at the present day.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

MIDDLETON, *Jany.* 16th. 1828.

I wish your affairs were settled one way or another. I am very glad you kept your temper, but what could he² be angry about? Do you think it possible that he should have read any of my letters & that this should have set him against you? Mrs Villiers was telling me the other day that she really believes they used to do so, when he was in before and Charles Bagot was his Secretary. I always till now have inclosed my letters to Mr Bidwell but I think I shall now change & inclose them to Lord Francis, & as he is always there he can see that they go safe. He says that he has enquired from Canning what you was going to do, and that he appeared ignorant of it. Madame de Lieven also says that when she dined with him the other day she put *deux questions* (about you) *très innocentes auxquelles il a répondu comme un ignorant (ce qu’il n’est pas sur ce chapitre surtout) mais je vois par là qu’il n’est pas bienveillant pour lui.* She says however that she has many things to say to me that she cannot write and I feel very anxious to

¹ *The Creevey Papers*, vol. ii, p. 137.

² Canning.

see her. Her trip to Brighton has been delay'd by the King's Gout and I expect her to come and see me as soon as we get home again. Tomorrow we go to Cashiobury and Sunday we shall be at Panshanger.

The Duke of York went from here on Wedny. very good humoured, very gay, & very full of prejudices. He is rather *en froid* with the King since these new appoin^{ts} and will not hear of Canning. L[ad]y Granville, I suppose to court him, had invited him for the 25th but he will not go. "No, Ma'am, I will not go there. L[ad]y Granville is very clever, people say—far too clever for me, Ma'am"—this was his speech to Lady Jersey. I wished the Duke of W[ellingto]n to come and meet Madame Lieven next week but he says that he cannot come as he is obliged to be in town—perhaps it is to be near *sa belle* or they say there are several Councils & arrangements to be made before the meeting of Parlt. He sent an excuse here for this time, but people say he is more in love than ever with Mrs Arbuthnot. I wish L[ad]y Jersey would make a diversion, for she is an odious little Woman. The Duke has been unlucky at Wherstead. He peppered Lord Granville's face with nine shot, fortunately he missed his eyes but it has given him a great deal of pain. Those Battu's are dangerous things.

People all complain dreadfully of the rents. Lord Sefton is making reductions, and it is the cry everywhere. Ly Gwydyr says it is better to be quiet and to let the Tories have the odium of the reductions, and she knows several of those who are determined to diminish their establishments. Lord Anglesey complains loudly.

*To the Hon. Frederick Lamb from the
Countess Cowper.*

Monday [March (?) 1823].

Papa has been confined with the Lumbago, but Tupper has managed it wonderfully, gave him *no* wine for three days, kept him in bed the greater part of the time, gave him James's powders, and has made him quite well—in short, a great deal better than he was before, so clear headed and comfortable that I really believe he would be much the better & *stronger* if he could be persuaded never to drink any wine. Today he is allowed two glasses of Claret which has made him very happy and he is in tearing spirits. As for me I have been *not* quite well, the weather is unwholesome & the death of poor Spencer¹ affected my spirits & whatever does that always makes me ill—but I have cured myself & how do you think?—by riding at Fozard's. It required a little courage to begin, but I have embarked for three times a week & I am already *quite* well from it.

The Duke of Wellington called upon me yesterday which was very good of him. I was delighted to see him.

Tuesday.

He looks much better than I expected—a little thin but nothing particular and his deafness I thought nothing. He talked a great deal about you very kindly & of C[annin]g with his usual *franchise*; said it was a pity he did not know you better & had not more opportunities of appreciating your talents; said he cut a very

¹ Spencer Cowper, brother of Lord Cowper.

foolish figure in all the correspondence he had seen, that he was never straightforward, that he had the misfortune of thinking he wrote well & was therefore always writing too much—told me about his writing at Verona, for which I thanked him & for all the rest of his kindness. He said Canning did not know what use might be made of Frankfort with a clever person there to send home accounts ; said he advised you to stay on there, that he was sure you might as long as you liked, & that with your talents you were quite sure to have promotion the first opportunity. I said I was sure his advice would always have the greatest weight with you but C[annin]g had said after this year he could not move for it any more. He then said that he did not exactly know what you wished. I said I believed it was this—to be advanced in the line, or else to retire on your full pension—for that you had been at Frankfort for a very long time and were naturally tired of it when you found it led to nothing better. This was all I remember but I intend to see him often and to go on with him. He pricks up his ears at the idea of a Brighton party and is evidently very anxious to go there—this amuses me so much, it is so very Childish ! I said I hoped I should be asked, and with him—now my own belief is that I have a better chance than he has. The K[ing] is to be in town on Thursday, Friday & Saturday for the Recorder's report and after that Madame Lieven expects to be summon'd. I am really anxious to go there partly to have an oppor[tunit]y of speaking to him about you & besides on L[or]d C[owper]'s account for he likes the K[ing's] Society & conversation & this

would oblige him to exert himself and take him out of the moping way he is in when nothing forces him to rouse himself.

Lord Wellesley¹ seems to have been impetuous in Ireland and not very discreet about the Jury, but they say he had quite a right to turn off his Household. It is odd enough. The other Stanhope was turned off for going to a Catholic dinner. Lord C[owper] thinks if L[or]d W[ellesley] is obliged to come away over to England that he will be furious & very likely, with the K[ing], Knighton² & Co, may manage to blow up part of this Govern't. It is a speculation. Lord H[ollan]d is furious for going to war *coûte qui coûte*, if the French do, & talks of making a motion in Parl[iamen]t on the affair of Spain—but at this moment there is a sort of truce : every body is standing still looking on.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Frankfort,
from the Countess Cowper.*

BRIGHTON,
Thursday, March 27. [1823].

I do believe there is something poisonous in the air of London at this season, but particularly this year. Everybody looks ill and complains and the number of deaths have been quite dreadful. The Physicians themselves are astonished at it, and cannot think the reason. Some people say it is the Gass—but yet I should think this can hardly be, for in all parts of the

¹ The Marquess Wellesley was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in December 1821 and held the office till January 1828.

² Sir W. Knighton, the King's physician.

Country the Season has been very unwholesome & of course this would be more felt in London than elsewhere.

We came here on Tuesday and have brought all our Children; the place is very full, & they talk of the Pavilion being gay. The King is to have a Ball on Monday & a party on Saturday, but I do not much expect any dinner as he is to have a large party in the House on Saturday. His object seems to have been to collect as many people as he could for his Ball on Monday. So he has asked the Gwydyrs on that day, & Saturday he expects the Granvilles, Morpeths, Duke [of] W[ellington], Devonshire & *Canning*, & as they are short of dancers I suppose he has been persuaded to ask Clan[william], who is highly pleased at it. M[adame] Lieven is at the York Hotel, Lady Tankerville at the Steyne Hotel; Esterhazy is also in the town & the Bathursts and many others, & W[illiam] & Caroline, but as they are with Lord Bessborough & Wm Ponsonby & Lady Barbara, I hope to see very little of her. She is here with all her train—Roe, Susan, Augustus &c.

I saw L[ady] C[onyngham] & her daughter yesterday. They were very kind and amiable. The first had rather a curious conversation with Madame Lieven in her morning visit. She said, "Why is Mr Lamb gone to Frankfort again? I thought he was coming to England." *Mde. L.* "Il l'aurait désiré, mais je pense qu'il aura été obligé d'y retourner." *Ly. C.* "Probablement que M. C[anning] l'aura prié de le faire." *Mde. L.* "Je pense que oui." *Ly. C.* "Est-ce qu'il a été fâché de l'appointement de Clan[william]?" *Mde. L.* "Je ne sache pas qu'il

l'ait été, mais certainement qu'il avait droit de l'être : vous pensez bien que cela ne peut pas être agréable de vous donner une chose à laquelle on a droit de prétendre par-dessus sa tête et à un jeune homme comme cela et pour le premier pas, ce qui est une très grande injustice." *Ly. C.* "But why did not he ask for it as Clanwilliam did, for the King is very partial to Mr L. & would always be very happy to do anything for him, but Kings should always be reminded." *Mde. L.* "Oh, je sais très bien que le Roy lui a très souvent fait des promesses. Mais vous sentez bien qu'il ne peut pas aller lui faire des demandes et qu'il a droit de s'attendre qu'il pensera à lui." Then she went off about Madame Campan's memoirs and how she said that Kings had short memories, & that they easily forgot people who were not before them, and that therefore you should never be out of their sight—*enfin des lieux communs* : but the conversation was curious because I think that in general she avoids talking of you. But I suppose now she is rather disappointed at your not coming home. But she is a strange person. One never knows exactly what she would be at.

I have desired Ridgway to send you Caroline's new novel of *Ada Reis*.¹ It is a strange farrago, but you may think it worth fifteen shillings to satisfy your curiosity & also two shillings to know exactly what passed between Lord Ebrington & Napoleon, so I will tell him to send that also.² I saw L[ad]y W[illia]m

¹ Lady Caroline Lamb's novel appeared in 1823.

² This was a *Memorandum of Two Conversations between the Emperor Napoleon and Viscount Ebrington at Porto Ferrajo, December 1814*, published in 1823.

Bentinck in London. She said nothing should induce her to give the particulars of her overturn with you. She is more harum scarum than ever & not over easy just then at being also asked about L[or]d W[illia]m and M[a]d[am]e Durazzo. I sent to thank L[ad]y Stanhope for bringing me over the two Feathers, and I intend upon it to make acquaintance with her. But she is not at present in town, L[ad]y Granville Somerset told me.

Mde. Lieven is very eager on Spanish Politicks & jumps at the idea of little Souza having made a counter revolution in Portugal—*mon Mari a reçu des dépêches* to that effect. But it seems to me rather doubtful & the French Army in a very ticklish state. Meanwhile L[ad]y J[ersey] thinks no more of politic's : all her thoughts are how to catch the Duke of W[ellington]—all ambition & yet as eager as if it was love. He gave her a fine diamond ring which she wears constantly on her finger or neck. He is delighted and laughs at it and at her always saying "not at home" to others when he calls—*pardi, cette femme elle m'affiche*.

I have just seen L[ad]y C[onyngha]m again & her daughter riding, & they came to see me. Madame Lieven is dying for an invitation : *déjà elle s'apperçoit qu'on peut s'ennuyer à Brighton*.

CHAPTER VII

LADY CAROLINE LAMB

THE long tragedy of William Lamb's married life was drawing to an end. His wife, whose eccentricities had not diminished as the years passed, had occupied herself in writing novels which, Ugo Foscolo had advised her, should shock no one, for as he said, "Women could not afford to shock." Her behaviour had become more and more eccentric. An old woman of Hatfield still alive in 1887 described how Lady Caroline would pay visits in the county, sitting on the box beside the coachman while she put the footman inside the carriage, she herself jumping off the box to ring the bell, to the scandal of those she visited.

Her faults were the result of her environment and her education. It is plain that her mother from a foolish vanity fostered her flirtations. Her mother-in-law used her as a tool for her own intrigues. Her husband was a mixture of indifference and affection. He had cared enough for her to ask her twice in marriage. He was accepted the second time, and on becoming her husband seems to have lost interest in her pro-

ceedings, though she could at times still cajole his indifference into affection. A true picture of the family relations between William Lamb and Lady Caroline is given by Dr. Lee, who passed more than five years, between 1817 and 1822, under Lord Melbourne's roof as doctor and tutor to Augustus, the only son of William and Lady Caroline. He used to dine with the family, and one evening, he writes, "Lady Caroline talked a great deal of nonsense at dinner—a sure prelude to a violent storm." Later, he notes :

"After we returned to the house there was much light conversation chiefly on the subject of marriage. Lady C. thought it would be an improvement if ladies lived in houses different to their husbands, and that they only simply called upon them. Mr. Sheridan remarked how delightful it would be to have a card left upon you by your husband; that before the Revolution in France this was the case, the house was divided completely, and Mr. L[amb] said it was so bad it was all swept away. Mr. S[heridan] said he would rather like a woman to have some faults. It would interest him more deeply in her welfare. Mr. L[amb] thought there could be no doubt it was most advisable to marry, but that those who are not rich ought not to marry at all. People who are forced to live much together, are confined to the same room, etc., are like two pigeons put under a basket who must fight."

Before Dr. Lee left Melbourne House to join

the Duchess of Devonshire in Paris, he described how on November 12, 1821, after dinner he sat for a short time in the drawing-room with Lady Caroline. She said that Lord Byron was about to publish his *Memoirs*, and that Mr. Murray had given him £2000 for them; that they were of no value—a mere copy book, and that they contained an account of all his profligate amours; that they were worse than Rousseau's *Confessions*, and that there were passages which could not be published. Lord Byron was very ignorant before she and her friends took him up, and had always lived in the worst society; that he had read nothing but a few classical books; that she would publish her *Memoirs* which would be worth £5000; that she had been acquainted with all the great people of former times, and so on.¹

In 1824 Lady Caroline fell into a melancholy either from the shock of meeting Lord Byron's funeral procession as she drove to Bocket or from some natural cause. Her reason became affected, and in 1825 a separation between her and her husband was decided on. Lady Cowper's letters tell us how it was arranged. After this Lady Caroline passes out of the family history, and Lady Cowper's letters are no longer filled with strictures on her sister-in-law's eccentricities. Lady Caroline remained for the remaining few years of her life at Bocket, living with her old

¹ *Extracts from the Diary of the late Dr. Robert Lee, 1821-22, pp. 20, 23-24, 38, privately printed.*

father-in-law and her son Augustus until her death in 1828, at the age of forty-two.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

Tuesday, May 24th. [1825].

Nothing can go on better than our affairs here. For a moment Wm was foolish and used to go and see her & listen to her Stories and laugh—but then came the quarrels, & she misrepresented him and told Wm P.¹ of his beating her which was not true—& he and our Wm quarrel'd upon which the latter took the wise determination of seeing her no more & wrote her word so. This is how the affair stands now, that L[or]d C[owper] has consented to be Wm's referee & the Duke of D[evonshire] is to be hers & that they are to consult Abercrombie and settle the terms. Duncannon & F. Ponsonby are quite fair & L[or]d B[rougham] & Wm P[onsonby] reckoned an Ass & a Jackanapes by everybody—& wrote Wm such an impertinent letter that the latter says he will have no communication with him—which letter was a great advantage to us as it steadied our brother and put the other in the wrong. These are the things he says in his letter to Wm. That by this Marriage Wm got a brilliant connection which his family *wanted* (was there ever such an Ass ?) & that he never would allow his sister to be trampled upon by him or his family (as if our forbearance was not proverbial) but *tant mieux*—for, if he had been too reasonable, Wm would have found more

¹ Ponsonby, her brother.

difficulty in throwing him over. I think the thing now settled or as good as settled, for she is anxious for an arrangement, finds all idea of putting it off impossible, & is desirous of avoiding publication. This is a favourable change and I take all the merit of to myself, for in a quiet way I have bullied the bully—she threatened and raged for the first half hour I was with her about the book & the letters, & when she had done I said in the quietest way, “Well, I see all accommodation is impossible,” for this is exactly what Wm said to me last night—he said it was only trifling to try a private arrangement & that he now had quite made up his mind to go into Court, that many things might be said disagreeable on both sides, but that this in his opinion was quite a trifle compared with the advantage of having everything finally and completely settled—and so I went on saying I was not quite of that opinion but that as she & Wm had both made up their minds there was no help for it.

This produced a violent abusive letter to him next Morn[in]g, which he did not understand till I explained it, & next Morn[in]g came a letter from her to Lord C[owper] begging of him to speak to the Duke of D[evonshire] and saying how anxious she was for *any* settlement which would keep them out of Court—as there was no use in their appearing in Court like Mr & Mrs Bang reviling each other & so Lord C[owper] is to meet the Duke and I hope it will all be settled. I think the arrangement will be 2,500 now and 3,000 on Papa’s death, a great deal more than she deserves—but I think it very well worth while to get rid of her, and to have the whole thing settled quietly, for of course on this arrangement she will be

bound to publish nothing. The fact is that the books are still completely in her own possession so that there is no fear of their coming out except in a moment of fury—she said we had all misrepresented her & told stories of her but I fully convinced her that all that signified was her own doing, & that the stories circulated in town which had done her most mischief had come from putting herself in the power of vain foolish boys, & this I convinced her of by mentioning some things which had been told by Edward Montagu, Henry Montagu & young Villiers, Buller Lytton,¹ &c,—& she quite acknowledged the justice of all this, & I believe it was these things which made her also more willing to agree to a reference which would prevent being brought before the public.

Adieu, dearest Fred, I have no time to write more. We are to dine at L[or]d Con[yn]g[ha]m's Thursday. London is quite mad, with parties & with Politics. The Duke of York² is very proud of himself. "The constitution saved" is placarded in the streets & the Catholics are all furious.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

[GEORGE ST.]

Tuesday 12th [July 1825].

Brother Wm. is much better in health, indeed his trachia [*sic*] seems quite well with the fine

¹ Edward Lytton Bulwer (1803-73), the first Lord Lytton, had gained notoriety, while still at Cambridge, by a pronounced flirtation with Lady Caroline.

² Sir F. Burdett's Catholic Relief Bill, carried in Commons, was thrown out in the Lords by 178 to 130. The Duke of York voted against it.

weather. But he is in a fidget at his affair not being settled & always remaining in the same state. He wants energy so much & somebody at his back to push him on. In his own determination of parting I see no wavering but he does not know what to do, &, instead of taking a House for her *coûte qui coûte* & ordering her into it, he hesitates and thinks of the price & fancies she will go abroad or to Melbourne, whereas it seems clear to me that she had no intention of the sort & only talks of these plans to gain time. Papa is the only person now who brings it to a conclusion, & he is tired to death of the lingering business & is always trying to hurry it on. I suppose in the course of a little time more it will be done somehow or other, for L[or]d Fitzwilliam will be a Trustee & the Duke [of Devonshire] says he can make her sign, & Wm seems so anxious to have some authentic evidence of a separation that I think he prefers having Articles drawn up (even tho' he must settle the income upon her) to the advantage of having the whole thing in his own hands & having the power of withdrawing it in case of misbehaviour.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Madrid,¹
from the Countess Cowper.*

LONDON, July 17, 1825.

I am going off today to George Byng's for one night. There is no staying in town this very hot weather but the new Villa at Fulham

¹ Lamb had received the post, which he coveted, of Minister to Spain. He was at Madrid from 1825 to 1827.

is the greatest possible resource. It is next door to the other & a great deal prettier, the Garden much larger & more shady.

Last Friday we had a party of ten there to dine and we sat out in the Garden till after ten, & then came by water to Vauxhall—quite a lark. And here we acted the Bourgeois, had supper on one of the Tables under the Trees—when the Waiters treated us so cavalierly, they would bring us no Glasses, only large Mugs of Porter, a bowl of rack Punch, & L[or]d C[owper] & the waiter quarrel'd because the latter would not allow him a Glass of Brandy. “No, Sir, none to be had in these Gardens except in case of illness.” “But I *am* very ill.” “No, Sir, you can't have any—Punch if you please or Wine but no Spirits.”

York & his Duchess are too absurd. He plays all sorts of royal pranks, drinks out of the same glass, eats of the same dishes. Lady J[ersey] is quite furious—she cannot stand it with any temper, hating the woman, shocked at the impropriety & provoked at finding herself cut out. They dined on Friday at L[ad]y Caroline Powlett's. The moment he came out from dinner he went & sat in a separate room with the D[uche]ss, never spoke to Lady Jersey & the other Ladies. They remained waiting till 12. He never came out, so at last out of all patience they went off, leaving him still *en tête à tête*. It really is too absurd & his friends are so angry because they all know she is making a fool of him & really likes young Forester, whom she shews off just in the same public manner when the other is away. Last Thursday Lord Chesterfield gave a dinner at the Star &

Garter to the D[uche]ss & Mrs Fox, &, tho' the Duke of York was there, when the day came sent his own excuse but left them to feed at his expence—such a way of going on—& the great gawky Lady Emmeline wandering about by herself almost crazy because Leopold won't marry her, & making exhibitions of her grief at every place where they meet, & the Duchess of Somerset & her two Daughters trying to comfort her. Such figures as you never saw, since their return from Paris, such Hats and such inventions! They all look like a party escaped from Bedlam—in short people are all running their riggs in this hot Weather. The Dog star rages.

Sydney Smith says when the Whigs come in they mean to make Tankerville a Grandee to be on a par with the other Northern Dukes, & that he is to be Duke of Tom *Thumberland*.

Canning is better, & said to be out of danger, but I believe he is still very ill. They say this attack was brought on by taking too much Laudanum—a practice he has got into. The Duke of St. Albans is dead so now Mrs. Coutts may be a D[uche]ss, if she thinks it worth while.¹

Wm is returned to town—I have not seen him but I fancy he goes to see *her* ² too much, which I think foolish (tho' I do not doubt his steadiness) but she is sure to take advantage of every-

¹ The eighth Duke of St. Albans died on July 17, 1825. His son, the ninth Duke, had long been paying court to Mrs. Coutts, formerly Harriet Mellon, the pretty actress to whom old Thomas Coutts the banker had left his vast fortune at his death in 1822. The young Duke married Mrs. Coutts in 1827.

² His wife, Lady Caroline Lamb.

thing—however as she sent Papa word that she would be out of the House by the 1st of Aug[us]t, I think she must keep to that, & Wm is to take a House for her before that time. When this is done he ought to go off to you. Never did I in my life see so irresolute a person : every trifle turns his purpose and makes him waver. This, however, is only on the means and the different arrangements, for I have not seen him waver the least upon the main point—that of getting rid of her.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Madrid,
from the Countess Cowper.*

Sunday, August 14th. 1825.

I missed last post in the hurry of setting off the Children to Panshanger, & seeing Lady Caroline off to Paris. Conceive what luck ! She marched out without beat of drum last Friday morn[in]g at 8 o'clock by the steam boat to Calais, so that I think there is little fear of her wheeling back now. She will, I trust, have been so sick as to feel little anxiety to cross the water again directly. Otherwise I should have expected to see her back next day. Lady Granville is very kind to have facilitated her going instead of trying to stop it, as almost all selfish people would have done under such circumstances. The rooms are now locked up safely, so I think there is no fear of her making a lodgment there again (even if she wished it). She went off in better temper & in a better frame of mind than I have seen her for a great while, and she behaved remarkably well when I took

her down the last night before she went to wish Papa goodbye—she was very quiet & said nothing to worry him.

Wm is *aux anges*, as happy as possible, and went off yesterday to Melbourne, but even here I am afraid he will find a drawback to his comfort in Augustus his son whom he has taken with him. I am glad he has taken him, for he ought to make acquaintance with him & see what can be done with him, but it is a sad case. The boy is very strong and healthy but with the mind of a child always in mischief & rolling the maids about, tickling Charlotte & playing pranks & old Nanny when she does out the D[rawin]g room is obliged to lock the door or else he runs down half-dressed & tumbles her on the floor & sits upon her, *n'est-ce pas incroyable?* & this at 18 years old, his fits are as bad as ever & I think more frequent. I went last night to the play to see *Frankenstein* & the huge creature without sense put us all in mind of Augustus. I am glad he is to be now with William, that he may really see by his own eyes what ought to be done with him, for, having only seen him occasionally, I really think he has never been aware of his strange state & I never like to speak to him about him for fear he should think it unkind, if he was not quite aware himself of what a creature he is. But when he returns from Melbourne he is to come to Panshanger, & I will then act according to Circumstances. Perhaps Stewart may not be the best man for him, being shy & awkward himself, & that he should have some tutor of a very decided Character who should insist upon his behaving with propriety & keeping himself

decently clean & well dressed & not acting like a Baby—& at least try to make him behave like a gentleman. It is really a most dreadful case & I think him in no respect the least better for his stay at Stewart's. I believe from finding him so foolish they leave him to play with the youngest boys & the girls, Stewart's granddaughters, & take no trouble about him.

Jemmy Bradshaw is to be married tomorrow & has got his passports for the Continent. I really feel sorry for the poor Devil now; as he is hooked against his will, & nothing but an excess of love could have counterbalanced all the bores he will have to encounter in his married career. This is the Story. Miss Tree said she saw he wished to be off & therefore begged he would give her up, & not remain only from a feeling of honour. He acknowledged he did *wish* to be off. They had an explanation & he thought the thing settled, when, lo & behold, he was sent for suddenly, Miss Tree having swallowed Laudanum. When he arrived he found it all pumped up and she none the worse (some people say she sent for the Laudanum and the Pump at the same moment). After this of course he was nailed—& now nothing less than a miracle can save him.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

[October 1825.]

The Hollands are delighted at Paris and give charming accounts of Society but in truth I believe it is dullish crowds of English and no

foreigners to be seen. Mary Fox is much admired and they say by the K[ing] of Prussia a little time ago. This would have pleased L[ad]y H[olland] but it is too late now for a left handed marriage. Moore's book about Sheridan¹ makes one furious: it is so very provoking to see everything misrepresented and this by a person who means well, so that one cannot abuse him. The end I am sure must have been helped by Rogers—it is so spiteful. I hope you have got it. If Kelly's Memoirs should prove amusing when they come out I will send them. The money the booksellers have made by this life of Sheridan is so much that they sent Moore £400 more than they had agreed, and I am sorry to hear that he intends now to write the life of Lord Byron. It is also much too soon for that; nothing can be fair so immediately after the events and in this last case so many will be offended if he speaks truth at all. Sheridan could not have been in the excessive distress he states. L[ad]y Bess-[borou]gh, whom he never mentions, was every day by his [Sheridan's] bedside and was ready enough to make a fuss about everything. Moore seems to have been quite deceived about the sort of Man Sheridan was and not to have known the quantity of money he had borrowed

¹ William Lamb was asked to write a Life of Sheridan. He consented, but, hearing that Moore was writing it, he sent him the portion he had already written. Moore wrote a very unkind Life, and, according to Mrs. Norton, Melbourne always regretted not having himself completed the Life, so as to have done more justice to the memory of his friend. This, however, may only be an excuse to avenge the memory of her father. Moore's book appeared in October 1825.

from all his friends, always talking as if he was too independant to receive any. L[or]d Thanet gave him one day 200 pounds and three days afterwards he heard him hold forth and say he never would be, nor never had been, under pecuniary obligations to any body.

Think what a good Joke was play'd upon Lambton at his races—the House full of people, no Lamps, no Candle, the whole House lighted by gass, when somebody went and turned the great Cock and left the whole House in utter darkness, Staircases, Dining room, Drawing room everything. His Carbonic Majesty¹ was in a tremendous rage; and they say would have burnt alive this *mauvais plaisant* if he could have found him out.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Madrid,
from the Countess Cowper.*

LONDON,
Friday, 26th May. 1826.

William will be off directly after the Cambridge Election. It is very good natured of him to stay for it. I never saw him better or more comfortable than he has been lately—she, I believe, living at Bocket but I never hear her name—& in the course of the last month he has ridden down twice to see her in the Morn[in]g. I think it *bad* her being there, but I suppose he agrees to it on the score of expence, as she had let her House in town. Papa we have never dar'd to tell of her being there.

¹ A reference to the coal mines from which the Lambton family derived a considerable income.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

HOTEL DE LONDRES,
PLACE VENDOME, PARIS,
Sepr. 24th, Sunday, 1826.

We heard the day of our departure from London that L[ad]y C[owper] had died at Florence on the 5th of Sepr. Far be it from me to rejoice at any body's death but I cannot help acknowledging the peace of mind I have acquired by this event, and all the anxiety from which it has relieved me. That *naughty* Fordwich will no longer distress us by a little extravagance: however, don't tell him this, for gambling he must not indulge in—it is too foolish. Lord C[owper] has no details about his Mother's death except those that can make him feel her loss the less—she had made a Will to leave everything she had to the worthless people about her, & was merely prevented from signing it by the suddenness of her illness—very fortunately L[or]d Cowper's aunt was at Florence & has taken possession of everything, otherwise I suppose we should never have heard anything more of any of her goods or papers, &c.—or Diamonds, which it appears probable will now come to light. Tell Fordwich of his Grandmother's death and to put on Mourning. We left Papa at home very well and not at all uncomfortable at our going.

Canning¹ is here very busy writing away all

¹ Canning was staying for a few weeks with Lord Granville at the British Embassy.

day long. He keeps all the Ambassade as close to work as if it was the Foreign Office. The Jerseys are also here, and I am very glad to find her, for she is so gay and so active and good natured & tells one everything and sets one going (perhaps a little too much), but that is a fault on the right side and as I am quite in a state of ignorance here, she will be of great use to me. I will certainly do something about the Orleans's & Madame Montjoye. I found L[ad]y J[ersey] gone to Neuilly yest[erda]y when I arrived.

It is true we asked Canning to Panshanger, but it came very naturally, not at all impertinent but quite proper and correct. You know we had made his acquaintance at the Cottage, and in our party we had [the] Huskissons, Duke [of] W[ellingto]n & Madame Lieven—whom he is always with, so I am sure he could only think our civility natural & be pleased with it. *Allons, Monsieur, ne croyez pas savoir mieux que moi ce qui est convenable.*

It is very comfortable to feel (particularly here) that one does not care about money & that we can keep all our establishments going without squeezing and without worry. And I am now very glad we had settled to keep Guerin : he is such a good Cook. Don't stay at Madrid but come home as soon as you can.

The last scene of Lady Caroline's troubled life, which ended on January 26, 1828, is recorded briefly and without comment. She was in her forty-third year.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
Lady Cowper.*

[January] 1828.

. . . Poor Caroline died on Friday evening—she went off without any pain and from complete exhaustion. Mrs. Lamb had hold of her hand at the time. She only fetched one sigh and she was gone. Mrs. Lamb could hardly believe she was really dead, and only felt she was so by the placid look her features assumed. Wm was not there at the time but he had been with her a few hours before. He was hurt at the time and rather low next day, but he is now just as usual, and his mind filled with Politicks. Augustus looked a little grave when he saw her, and when he heard her death, but nothing makes any impression upon him. He is good natured, but in intellect I think rather worse than he was, in short he ranks in intellect with a Child of six or seven years old.

CHAPTER VIII

CANNING'S MINISTRY

THE General Election of 1826 brought no change in the state of parties. But in February 1827 Lord Liverpool, who had been Prime Minister since June 1812, became so ill that he resigned his office. He recommended the King to send for Mr. Canning to form a Government. On hearing this, the Tories left the Government in a body. Canning, when he saw the King, had told His Majesty that the pressure of the Catholic Question was very strong, that he knew that the King did not think as he did on the subject, and that it would be better for the King to get a Prime Minister who did. The King, who felt that it would be useless to try and carry on an administration without him, gave Canning full assurance of his confidence. Only then did Canning, on April 10, 1827, consent to be Prime Minister. Canning had complete authority to form a Ministry, and thus was better able to cope with the Tory malcontents.

Lord Palmerston, in his autobiography, says that Canning offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. George IV., who disliked Palmer-

ston, desired that Herries,¹ who was then Auditor of the Civil List, should receive a Treasury post so as to deal with the question of the Crown lands, and that the Chancellorship of the Exchequer should be held by the First Lord of the Treasury who would be too busy to go into details. The intrigue succeeded, and when Lord Palmerston was sent for, Canning told him with some embarrassment that he had come to the conclusion that the offices were better united in his own person. Lord Palmerston, suspecting that something else lay behind it, said immediately that he only wished to do what was best for the public service. He was perfectly content where he was as Secretary at War where, as the Duke of York, the Commander-in-Chief, had died in January 1827, he had the administration of the discipline and patronage of the Army.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

LONDON, *June 20th.* [1826].

People think this new Parliament will be a curious one, such strange things have turned out. There are three stock-brokers in it, which was never the case with one before. People think the Catholics have gained in it & that the cry has almost entirely failed. George is safely

¹ J. C. Herries became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Goderich, from August 1827 to January 1828, and was Master of the Mint under Wellington.

returned. L[or]d Palmerston has carried it triumphantly in spite of the K[ing], the Duke of York (who had urged on Copley), & the Chancellor.¹ The Whigs supported him manfully & were the most active of his Committee, so that he says he feels like Caspar in the Fr[e]i[s]chutz Story, quite afraid L[or]d Grey should come with his long arm, & claim him as his own. This is looked upon as a great triumph for the Catholics. People came up to vote from Ireland & Scotland & one of his friends from Cork, an Irish Gentleman, having travelled like an express all the way to be in time, got hold of the *wrong* paper & gave Bankes a plumper instead of to him. L[or]d Grosvenor has lost Chester by security & letting Bob Grosvenor go off with the Duke of D[evonshire], which offended all the people. Wm seems very well satisfied to be out of Par[liamen]t & looks very cheerful & gay but grows much too fat. We had a great dinner yesterday at Whitehall of the Hollands, & the day before of L[ad]y Jersey & L[ad]y Stanhope. Papa likes to hear of something going on there but does not dine himself in company, he either comes into the D[rawin]g room after dinner or has Visits into his own room. Caroline George goes off today to Melbourne to meet George on his return from Ireland, but will be back in London in a fortnight.

¹ There were four candidates for the two seats for Cambridge University. Three of them were members of the Government, namely, Copley, Attorney-General; Goulburn, Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Palmerston, Secretary at War. Palmerston, alone of the four, had voted for Catholic Emancipation. Copley was at the head of the poll and Palmerston was second, defeating his colleague Goulburn with the help of the Whigs.

Duke [of] W[ellinto]n is in great force. Duke of Y[ork] is in a precarious state but much better the last few days, so that his friends have hopes. The K[ing] stouter and better than I have seen him a great while but I think *un peu ennuyé*. C[annin]g in great favour because he does all his Jobs. Mary might do anything if she had any *tact* & knew her advantages but she is too underbred. People say L[or]d Strang[for]d¹ continues his habit of lying in all his accounts & wrote the other day of a tumult which never existed.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

[BRIGHTON] *January 1827.*

The Gowers² walk about looking very matrimonial. She is good humoured and Gay, but has I think a little pretension, which bores me, tho' I think it lucky for Gower as it makes a safe *object* for one of her flighty nature, & instead of seeking out beau's she employs in coqueting & courting Allen & Rogers. This is the most harmless line her Vanity could take & so far, so well, for I think the race of literary Dandies is extinct. Coats & Neckcloths have driven out books, which people used to pretend to think of in my time.

¹ British Ambassador at Constantinople and then at St. Petersburg from June 1825. He had a sharp disagreement with Canning and came home in June 1826.

² Afterwards Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Madrid,
from the Countess Cowper.*

FRIDAY, April 6th, 1827.

Nothing is yet settled or announced, my dearest Fred, but the communication is expected today, or in a day or two. The reports are that everything is in C[annin]g's favour & that he will be *Prime Minister*, but in what shape it is not easy to make out, as there are many versions. The 1st L[or]d of the Treasury is only £4,000, so it must be joined with some other appoint[ment], either the Foreign Office or Chancellor of the Exchequer. Peel or Robinson¹ in the House of Lords. Lethbridge's Motion today is a struggle of the Tories who hate C[anning] & would do anything to get rid of him: they have *even* proposed to have either the Duke of Rutland or Northumberland at the head of a Govern[men]t. But these plans are too laughable. The Anti-Catholics are in great dread of C[annin]g's having the Church Patronage with the place of 1st Lord. The advancement of a few Catholic bishops or deans would make a tremendous change in the opinions of that respectable and independent body. If C[annin]g should in any of these arrangements leave the Foreign Office, it would probably fall to Robinson. The Child is not quite pleased at the future prospects as he cannot bear Mary, but he sees there is no help for it & is therefore quiet & contented.

¹ F. J. Robinson, whom Cobbett nicknamed "Prosperity Robinson" after his optimistic Budget speech in 1826. He became Viscount Goderich in 1827, on joining Canning's Ministry as Secretary for War and the Colonies.

India is going begging. Sir H[enr]y W[ellesley]¹ would not have it & now they talk of L[or]d Granville for it but without any truth I should think; if he left Paris I could suppose it to be for no other prospect than the Foreign Office.

You quite *frighten* me when you talk of Minny's marrying. She is not yet *come out* & is not to do so regularly till next year, but at the end of the season I may perhaps bring her out a little. Her health is very good now but I don't think her stout enough to rake much.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb, Madrid,
from the Countess Cowper.*

GEORGE ST,

Tuesday, April 10. 1827.

Still nothing settled at least publicly—tho' last night appearances were again much in favour of Canning. He came *rayonnant* into the House of Commons & the Tory Lords in their House looked low. The Chancellor² has been trying his hand against him, & Ld Londonderry and several others who have had audiences—but I suppose without success—for they cannot make a Govern[men]t without him since the D[uke of] W[ellington] will not & Peel will not. The Tory cry is that they would prefer Ld Lansdowne to him, but in this there are many difficulties, & equally the Catholic question. People say

¹ Sir Henry Wellesley, Wellington's youngest brother. He was Ambassador at Vienna from 1822 to 1831 and was created Lord Cowley in 1828.

² Lord Eldon.

the 1st L[or]d of the Treasury should be abolished as a sinecure. They go on so well without any here for I don't know how long. The Granvilles have put off their departure; they cannot set off and leave things in this state of uncertainty. The great difficulty in the negotiation with C[annin]g is the Treasury Patronage, particularly the Church, which in his hands would be everything: a Catholic Bishop or Dean would soon make a very considerable difference in the opinions of that *independent* & conscientious body. Henriette wears herself to a stick with fidget she is so afraid of losing Mary in her present situation.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

July 27th, 1827.

I have just got your letter by the Courier after a very long silence. I am sorry to hear nothing settled about your Journey home, but I am not surprized, for everybody here says it is impossible for you to leave affairs at this time & therefore my chief anxiety now is to hear that your health does not suffer from the Climate. I have nothing new to say. The papers will tell you the Duke [of] W[ellington] has seen the King. The seeing was brought about by L[ad]y C[onyngham], who has always wished in a friendly way to bring about a reconciliation & the K[ing] thought that by seeing him he should persuade him to take the Command of the Army, & he complained afterwards that he found him as obstinate & immoveable as a post, never seeing

how perfectly impossible it is for him at this moment to wheel about & leave the people he has so far chosen to connect himself with.¹ But the K[ing] always thinks if he speaks to anyone that he shall persuade him to anything. This meeting, then, does not at all signify in politicks, except that it is unlucky at this moment as giving Courage & hopes to the Oppos[iti]on, & keeps the interested one's from coming round to the Govern[men]t. Yet, notwithstanding this, they say the Duke of Buckingham has declared his adherance. Duke [of] W[ellington] certainly wishes very much to take his place again, if he could do it with any credit, but of course the Chancellor,² Londonderry & Peel stick to his Skirts & keep him back, & he is himself such a child that after all he has done & said—he maintains in conversation that he is no *party man* and that being entirely a military man he cannot be so, for he must always be ready to obey orders. C[annin]g is at Chiswick & getting well. Clan[willia]m is to remain at Berlin for the present & he stoutly denies all about M[ademois]elle Sontag. Never was there any one so entirely for his interest. First he puts the Story about, to have the credit of doing a piece of folly; when he finds it put forward as a reason for his recall, he stoutly denies it all, & praises the reigning powers & pretends to be a C[annin]gite.

The Sheridans³ are much admired but are

¹ Wellington declined on the ground that he could not leave the Tory party.

² Lord Eldon, the ex-Lord Chancellor.

³ Afterwards Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and the Duchess of Somerset.

strange Girls, swear & say all sorts of odd things to make the men laugh. I am surprized so sensible a Woman as Mrs Sheridan should let them go on so. I suppose she cannot stop the old blood coming out. They are remarkably good looking and very peculiar in their looks & certainly clever.

The Duke [of] W[ellington]'s reason for not accepting is that he says he cannot till C[annin]g apologises for the *rebuke* he gave him in his letter, & this *rebuke* is always what he stands upon, & this he said to the K[ing] who's answer naturally was "What Nonsense!"

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

Begun August 3rd [1827].

I got your letter yest[erda]y of 26th July & am sorry not to hear of your arrival here being more fixed, but I think you are quite right to make some sacrifices to C[annin]g's interests. I really do pity that Man, he is so beset by business, & at the same time so unwell—not I hope seriously, but still anything is uncomfortable that lasts so long, & now in this time of quiet he ought to be gaining strength which has not yet been the case. What he wants is quiet of mind and brisk air: the first in his situation is pretty nearly impossible & the air of Chiswick is merely just better than Downing St. They talk of Brighton and did talk of Chatsworth, but this latter seems more improbable.

Nothing is more prosperous than the general

state of politicks, but his health is the ticklish point. He has had a blister on his side these two days for a pain he had, but it may be only cold or derangement of Liver, & Stomach is such a capricious Organ that one never need despair even when the symptoms are worst, witness Lambton & L[or]d Tavistock who were both given over by their friends, & got well nobody knows how—but then they were not in Office and their minds were quiet.

Canning, high-strung and of a nervous temperament, harassed as much by his own conscientiousness as by the strain of the difficulties he had encountered in forming his administration, became ill. While in office he could not be far from London, yet country air and quiet were what he needed. The Duke of Devonshire lent him Chiswick, but the place had ill-omened associations. Charles James Fox had lived there during his closing days, and Canning died on August 8, 1827, in the room where Fox drew his last breath.

The King had to form a new administration. He sent for Lord Goderich, who became Prime Minister. He had been Mr. Frederick Robinson, optimistic, audacious, and bumptious, of poor capacity as a speaker. During his administration he reaped the results of Canning's foreign policy. On October 20 the Battle of Navarino saw the destruction of the Egyptian and Turkish fleets, and the Sultan's acknowledgment of the

independence of Greece became inevitable, though it was delayed for two years.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

August 9th, 1827.

What a misfortune !! poor Canning died this morn[in]g—it is really quite dreadful to think of the results both public & private—& at such a moment so very unfortunate. It is really frightful to think of the state of the Country & of Ireland, should the King unfortunately fall again into the Hands of the old band of Tories. But one must hope for the best & this best seems to be the continuation of the present Gov[ernmen]t with some Whig additions and the D[uke] of W[ellington] to the Army. One should think he would accept this now as he has always said C[annin]g was the only objection & that he would act with the Whigs—but all is now in the King's hands—& there is no saying what he may be led to do. Tierney would hate being leader, it is too much work for him; but I believe he would not decline it for the sake of keeping things together if he was sure of powerful support. L[or]d Lansdowne is, I believe, the person to carry the official notification to the King. This is so far rather a lucky circumstance. How sorry he must be now not to have gone into Office sooner & have had more time to settle himself; besides that shilly-shally behaviour has lowered him in public estimation. But I don't see how the K[ing] can help trying to go on with things

as they are. Peel neither Whigs or Canning's friends could act with, particularly after his last Speech. The Anti-Catholic party is not strong enough to form a Government. They could not meet the H[ouse] of Commons, and all they could do would be to try a dissolution which might not succeed, & tho' the present Gover[nmen]t lose C[annin]g's power & talent, they also lose the odium attached to him personally. All the discontented Peers that followed L[or]d Grey would now all return—Rosslyn, Bedford, Tankerville, Gwydyr, Fitzwilliam & more I forget. Their great cry always was that C[annin]g's object was to lower the Aristocracy. L[or]d Goderich is now ready to hang himself for having gone to the Upper House. He would have stood at once as Leader in the former place. I wish W[illia]m was at this moment in England instead of being in Ireland. In short, it is a most anxious moment & there is no knowing what may be the result. The State of Portugal alone is enough to puzzle all the Wise heads, & the effect of this loss will, I am afraid, have a cruel effect on our foreign politicks unless this Gover[nment] can be patched up & continued. Really it is too unlucky—there is a general Mourning in every body's face, with the exception, however, of L[or]d West[morlan]d, & a few of that stamp—but I trust they will not be bettered by the event.

Palmerston, who continued in office under Goderich, remarked in a family letter of August 24, 1827: "Unless the evil star of the Whigs still predominates, they will not sacrifice great

public objects for a personal question." But the Whig leaders none the less held aloof.

*To the Right Hon. Frederick Lamb from
the Countess Cowper.*

[January] 1828.

Now for politicks. I am glad we are agreed, indeed I know we are almost upon everything—that is, two or three of your prejudices excepted ; as for me, I have *none*. Now yours are—a little Austrian twist, a fear of the Violence of the Whigs, a most unjust prejudice and dislike of Lord Holland & an extraordinary fancy for listening to Sir Chas Stuart.¹ Now, are you angry?—or do you only think this all stuff & nonsense? I am sorry I cannot hear your answer—but these trifles excepted & I think we quite agree, as indeed Wm & I do upon everything. He applied to me to know the *cause* of your fancy about L[or]d H[olland], for he said he had dined with him since his return, had talked to him much & never saw anybody so perfectly dispassionate & reasonable. I am very anxious the present Govern[men]t should last & be strong, particularly now Wm² is embarked with them (which indeed I wished much). Duke [of] W[ellington] at the head to keep the K[ing] & the back-stairs faction in order is quite invaluable, & therefore this is the good part of the whole arrangement. But he has certainly

¹ British Ambassador in Paris.

² Lamb had entered Canning's Ministry in April 1827 as Chief Secretary for Ireland. He retained the post under Goderich till January 1828, and under Wellington till May 1828.

lost character in the eyes of the world by the junction & by giving way upon so many points, to which while in opposition he appeared to attach so much importance. Huskisson has, I believe, carried his principles, & for this he has sacrificed his friendship for Canning & his fellowship for the Whigs.

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CHAPTER IX

LADY COWPER'S SON-IN-LAW

No letters from Lady Cowper to her brother can be found after the latter end of 1828, but those he wrote to her are preserved. When he left Spain in 1827 he was made a Grand Cross of the Bath for his diplomatic services. He was then sent to Lisbon as our Ambassador, starting early in February 1828.

With him he took his sister's eldest son Lord Fordwich,¹ supposed by his family to be rather a nonentity, owing to his shy and retiring disposition, but whom Sir Frederick always liked, and praised. Before sailing for Lisbon he wrote :

*To the Countess Cowper from
Sir Frederick Lamb.*

8th Feby. 1828.

It was the fault of that Lout George whom I wrote to to tell every body we hadn't sailed. I had not time myself.

We are quite well but For. very anxious to be off. He went on board the frigate a few days back and He was delighted with her and

¹ Afterwards the sixth Earl Cowper (1806-56).

all anxiety to go. There never was a nicer boy, but never one with such a want of strong emotion. Depend upon it, His will be a most active life and that calm exterior promises cool courage and resolution. He pays the greatest attention to every thing military and is likely to stick to his profession, or rather to add it to general knowledge and pursuit of affairs. This opinion of him makes me regret that He did not enter the army much sooner, He ought by this time to be nearly a Lieutenant Colonel and I strongly recommend that no money or influence should be spared to get him on as quick as possible. Depend upon it He would be 10 times the fellow that any of yr other Sons will.

Sir Frederick's criticisms on his sister's methods with her children were very freely given, and were not by any means always favourable. These criticisms were the only sharp things he ever said to her. Deep as was his love for her, he was not blind to the fact that she generally acted on impulse and that her impulses were not always sound, particularly in matters of the heart. It must have been difficult for Lady Cowper, who was an inveterate match-maker, to know what to do. She was so kind that she could not bear to refuse anything to a suppliant. This trait when it influenced the future of her own daughters became very dangerous.

Her elder daughter Emily, the adored "Minnie" of her early letters, had now ap-

peared in the world. As the daughter of so charming and powerful a mother, she had been admired and courted everywhere. Only one little cross voice, that of Creevey,¹ says: "I saw a good deal of young Lady Emily Cowper, who is the leading favourite of the town *so far*. She is very inferior to her fame for looks, but is very natural, lively, and appears a good natured young person." There were many suitors for her hand. None seemed to touch her heart in any great degree.

It was pleasant to see Minny surrounded. Still Lord Cowper's gloomy and disapproving face certainly made matters uncomfortable at home, and it was disagreeable to receive Sir Frederick's furious letter when he wrote :

*To the Countess Cowper from
Sir Frederick Lamb.*

DRUMMOND CASTLE,
22nd [?] 1829.

You have now stated the case yrself. 3,000 a year whereof the third comes from a place which He will probably lose very shortly and which you and I both devoutly hope he may. An odious Father, and four beggarly brothers. What has poor Min done to deserve to be linked to such a fate, and in a family generally disliked, reputed mad, and of feelings opinions and connections directly the reverse of all of ours? Do you know what 3,000 a year or

¹ *The Creevey Papers*, ii, 198.

probably two can furnish to a couple and a family? You people who have had profusion all yr lives are apt to imagine that it can be done very well upon, but I can tell you it is a privation of anything. If it were for a man she doated upon and who w[ou]ld live well with all of us, it might be endured and softened, but in this case Cowper thinks him odd. William laments it as a bad look out and an undesirable connection. The Girl has no fancy for him and what the Devil there is in its favor I am at a loss to perceive, except his being what you call in love with her and a Person as you think to be fallen in love with. I am used to this sort of stuff from Ldy Anne Wyndham and Ldy Sarah Bayly and Mrs Orby Hunter, but in yr mouth it surprises me and I am at a loss to know what you do upon these occasions with the strong sense which you shew upon all others. If the Girl had taken a violent fancy for him, it w[ou]ld be to be lamented and undergone if it could not be cured, but to dally with it and invite it is to me inconceivable. You have now got the thing into yr favorite position, that is, to keep him as a hanger on, shilly-shallying with her till the Girl shld appear to be on the point of wishing the thing, when the inconveniences of it wld fairly strike you and you wld have the amusement of a difficulty to be overcome in getting rid of what you had yrself been instrumental in bringing on. But this mode of dealing with these things is in my opinion neither safe nor fair nor creditable, and if She cares as little for him as you say, I recommend the getting rid of it at once and for ever. As to his love I suppose it's about as violent as it

was for Liverpool's daughter and as it will be for some other six weeks after Minny shall have turned him off.

As to her, I can't say how much I admire her. She shews in every thing a good sense and resolution which will bring her through all things—but in God's name when this is got rid of, (as I have no doubt it will be when you come to look fairly at it) do try to know beforehand what is suitable to her and what is not, and do not be balancing about after a thing is proposed, and when a negative if it is to be pronounced ought to be so at once. Of all the matches that have offered I have not a hesitation in saying that this is the least desirable. Ossulston was 40 times better, Bob Grosvenor was better. F. Robinson is infinitely better, but if anything can cloud her happy and brilliant prospects and reduce her ultimately to make an indifferent marriage, it will be this way of dallying with undesirable offers, a way which is attended with a thousand risks, which never fails to let loose a torrent of ill nature and which justifies it from the very quarters where you wld least desire it to exist. So much for this, instead of being flattered by the offer she has had, I am humbled by the mode in which it has been dealt with. I rate her a good deal higher, and so I have no doubt would every body else.

The Salisburys come here tomorrow—they have been touring about these wretched Scotch lakes to avoid, I suppose, the expence of being at Hatfield, for such Inns, Horses, roads and climate could be endured with no other object by any body who had ever seen any thing else.

Shooting of course being part of the question. She has been heard of, sitting upon rocks and drawing, so we may expect a rare collection, but one glimpse of an Italian lake would be worth all I have seen, unless she and little Salisbury at this occupation were the objects and Gilray the artist.

God bless you, D[eare]st Em, put an end to this folly for I haven't an idea of yr having a serious conception of letting it be carried through, and am aware you wld be even more positive against it than I am if you thought there was the least real danger of it. The only difference between us is that I hate the dallying with it and you doat upon it.

It may be added here that Lady Emily Cowper married in 1831 Lord Ashley, eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury. There are no comments from Sir Frederick on this occasion, therefore it is to be inferred that he was present at his niece's wedding. Mme. de Lieven, however, sent her congratulations with the remark that Ashley's only drawback was his Toryism.

The fragrance of Minny's character still lingers in the letters of those who knew her. In marrying Lord Ashley she had undertaken to tread a harder path than she knew; and one perhaps somewhat foreign to her character. But her sunny nature made the best of life, and cheered the path of others. "Come in, Minny, come in, you are a sunbeam," said old Lord Palmerston on his death-bed. Soon after their marriage Lord

Ashley turned his back on all the delights of the life that he might have led and that he could appreciate to the full. Instead, he resolutely set to do the work which he felt he had been called into the world to undertake. Thenceforth his life was devoted to the amelioration of the lot of those oppressed and suffering children who toiled in the factories, with no master but cruelty, and no protection from the law of the land. While England was passing laws to emancipate the slaves of her colonies, an equally terrible slavery was going on at home. The lives of the children who were employed in the factories was one long slavery; their misery ended only with a death which came prematurely, while those who survived emerged crippled and stunted for life.

Sir Frederick in one of his letters to his sister spoke of "the inconvenience of Ashley." To that circle of easy-going men of the world, characterised by a tolerant morality in social affairs, with extreme sternness in the ethics of public life, this young Tory must have come as a revelation. Whig principles always permitted a certain degree of comfort in the pursuit of lofty aims. To Lord Ashley, the aim was all, and must be pursued at all costs, with a complete disregard of self. His high and lofty gaze pierced through to the goal on which it was fixed without heeding the briars and stones of the path which led to it. He puzzled Lady Cowper, but

there was that in her many-sided character which enabled her to sympathise with the nobility of his conception of life, even while she felt that he might carry it out with less discomfort. Her political acumen, too, made her realise that there might be advantages as well as disadvantages in knowing so well the views and probable policy of the Tory Party.

While detained from sailing by bad weather, Sir Frederick wrote anxiously about Home Politics to his sister. He was more interested at the moment in the squabble between Huskisson, Secretary for War and the Colonies, and Herries, Chancellor of the Exchequer, than he was in the Portuguese situation. The dispute became so acrimonious that Lord Goderich himself resigned in despair on January 8, 1828, when the King sent for the Duke of Wellington and commissioned him to form a ministry. Contemporary memoirs say that the whole affair was an intrigue to induce Herries, who was not then in favour with George IV., to resign so that Huskisson might be made Chancellor of the Exchequer; to gain this end Huskisson was said to have solicited the help of Knighton, the King's physician and confidential servant. Sir Frederick's dry comment, written from the English Port where he was waiting to sail for Lisbon, was :

“ I have heard lots of curious anecdotes since

I came here, among them some to shew that Huskisson was willing to make common cause with Knighton to gain the King's favor, and even that He made a proposition in favor of the Accoucheur which the King revolted at. You know I never held Husky's highmindedness very high, and as yet I never saw a Man not bred a gentleman who became one. He is at his fit post where He is, but no higher."

His sister replied :

"I never heard such abuse of him as there is from all sides—in short you never knew such a chaos of opinions or so much irritation on all sides. The Ultra-Tories are very angry—the Whigs angry, the violent ones much so. The Canningites are *furious*. The King's friends are angry, the Duke's Friends and Huskisson's, in short, nobody is pleased, and the Country don't in the least understand it, and the people who live in the Country are quite bewildered. They see a quarrel between Herries and Huskisson, which breaks up the Government, and the effect is that they remain together and the Whigs are dropped out. People think this a trick of Huskisson's to bring in the Duke of Wellington. Lord C[owper] is remarkably temperate and intends to support the Government if they follow the liberal measures he expects. L[or]d H[ollan]d, L[or]d Lansdowne, Lord King and so forth all intend the same, and if, as I hope, the Ultra Tories *can be disinterested* enough to be violent, that will tend more than anything to quiet the Whigs. L[or]d Eldon, West[morlan]d, Lonsdale are furious, and Madame Lieven's pleasure

is to set some of that kidney in a flame by asking in an innocent manner why such a person is not in the Cabinet. L[ad]y Londonderry she applied to in this manner to know why [Lord] L[ondon-derry] was not a Minister. *Vous avez très raison*, she answered, *tout le monde le demande, parmi toutes les choses extraordinaires c'est la plus extraordinaire*. I think myself that Huskisson would have play'd a better game, and stood higher in public opinion if he had gone out, for now his only chance is the Whigs being moderate and supporting him—if they run at him instead, the Tories will try to bully him and may perhaps succeed in driving him out of the Cabinet. One thing at present, however, in his favour is that [the] Duke [of] W[ellington] and Peele [*sic*] are become so liberal. William says to hear them *talk*, one only feels inclined to say to them, 'Why in the name of wonder did you not stay in with C[annin]g ? ' "

Huskisson had married in 1799 Elizabeth Mary, younger daughter of Admiral Milbanke, Lady Melbourne's brother, so that Frederick had plenty of opportunity of knowing his character.

Sir Frederick Lamb reached Lisbon at the moment when Dom Miguel's intrigues were coming to a head. Miguel was the younger son of the late King John VI. The elder son, Dom Pedro, had been proclaimed Emperor of Brazil on the abdication of his father, and was expected to transfer his Portuguese crown to his daughter, Maria da Gloria, a child of nine.

British troops were sent to Portugal in December 1826 to support the constitutional government against the partisans of Dom Miguel and the forces of his uncle, Ferdinand VII. of Spain. It was in the debate on the Portuguese expedition that Canning made his famous remark, in reference to the recognition of the revolted Spanish-American colonies: "I called the New World into existence to reduce the balance of the Old." Pedro, in 1827, proclaimed his brother as Regent. Miguel, outwardly loyal, spent the winter of 1827-28 in London and went to Lisbon to assume the Regency, landing on February 22, 1828. The British army of occupation was to leave Portugal in March. Miguel had arranged that their departure should be the signal for his *coup d'état*. Sir Frederick Lamb, to whom the plot was revealed, took instant action. On his own responsibility he countermanded the orders for the evacuation. Further, he forbade the landing of a consignment of gold which had been lent to Dom Miguel by one of the Rothschilds. Wellington approved of his conduct, but felt it necessary, none the less, to withdraw the troops. When Miguel proclaimed himself King a few weeks later, Sir Frederick Lamb and all the other foreign Ministers, except the Spanish Minister and the Papal Envoy, left Lisbon. Meanwhile, Dom Pedro had proclaimed his daughter Queen of Portugal, and had sent her to Europe, intending that she should go to Vienna. She reached

Gibraltar on September 2 to find herself without a throne. Her chamberlain, Count Barbacena, decided to take her to England, much to the embarrassment of Wellington and to the extreme annoyance of Metternich, who wanted an excuse for interfering in Portuguese affairs. The child-Queen gave much trouble to the diplomatists until 1833, when her father came to her rescue and with the help of British naval and military volunteers defeated the usurpers and occupied Lisbon.

Lady Cowper, who was living at Panshanger in the autumn of 1828, received full accounts of the Portuguese affairs, as well as of the Russo-Turkish war, from her friend Princess Lieven, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, or, as some said, the Ambassador herself.

The position held by Princess Lieven in England was remarkable. Dorotea Christorovna Benckendorff was the daughter of an infantry general, and was born at Riga on December 17, 1785. Her mother died in 1797, bequeathing her four children to the care of the Empress Maria, wife of the Emperor Paul of Russia. Dorotea became maid of honour to the Empress and at the age of fifteen was married to Lieutenant-General Count Lieven, who was twelve years older than herself. He embraced a diplomatic career in 1809, and in 1811 he was appointed ambassador to London. Mme. de Lieven immediately took her place as one of the

leaders of fashionable English Society and became a patroness of Almack's, where she introduced the Waltz. She was the friend of most of the leading English statesmen of her time, and her friendship with each was said to rise and fall with their place in the councils of the nation. None of them liked her and many feared her. Lord Grey was supposed to be on such intimate terms of friendship as to give her his complete confidence, but it is difficult to ascertain whether she herself had not given this impression, exaggerating her influence over the old Whig statesman.

She had the power of extracting confidences, but she also knew the value of appearing to know more than she did. She established a salon, as important as any in London because it welcomed alike the Government and the Opposition. She formed a friendship with Lady Cowper, and corresponded with her frequently. "These two dear friends," said Greville, "who cordially hate each other." Mme. de Lieven always said, quite untruthfully, that it was she who made Palmerston. He also disliked her but felt it necessary to be on good terms with her, on the principle that it is wiser to know what your enemy is doing. Her manners were dignified and graceful, and she was extremely accomplished. She suffered from ennui (which is not to be confused with boredom) even in the society of those she cared for most. Her ennui declares itself through the style of her letters, which always

appear as if written in gloomy ink on a grey paper. Her affection for her two sons is that of the tragic heroine in a Greek play. Her nature seems to reflect the wintry darkness of her native land. Her letters form a great contrast to those of Lady Cowper which radiate sunlight, and the happiness of her own sunny nature which led her, according to Sir Frederick, always to make the best of things. Among the political friendships of Princess Lieven two are especially remarkable. Her friendship with Count Metternich was famous, yet even this, begun in 1819 at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, ceased in 1825, when Russian policy changed at the accession of Nicholas I. Her later friendship for M. Guizot, begun in Paris, where she established herself when she left Russia after the death of her two sons, remained unbroken by political events. She died in Paris in her house, which had previously been Talleyrand's, on January 26, 1857.

Her numerous letters, in French, to Lady Cowper reflect her passionate desire to appear omniscient and to exercise influence, whether in society or in politics. She flattered and cajoled her correspondents, by seeming to assume that they were as clever as herself. The first letter describes a visit she received by express desire of the King from Lady Conyngham and her daughter, who came from Windsor Castle where George IV. was then staying. They told

her of his poor health, how his arm was so swollen with gout that he could not even put on a night-gown, and how he saw no one. "These ladies bore themselves during the day and play whist in the evenings," writes Mme. de Lieven caustically. Then she goes on to speak of the little Queen of Portugal, who prefers London to Vienna.

To Lady Cowper from the Princess Lieven.

[*Translation.*]

RICHMOND, October 16, 1828.

My dear woman, what has happened to you? This letter is the fourth at least which I have written to you without receiving a sign of life on your part—Where are you? and what are you doing?

I have been to-day to see the little Queen of Portugal—She is charming and does not resemble the description given of her. She is tall for her age—her features are regular, excepting the mouth which is ugly—She has a beautiful complexion with a look of health and a thoughtful expression, though her countenance expresses at the same time wit and good humour. Her mentor Barbacena looks like a very resolute man with much firmness of character. I think he will guide her well. In 3 days he will settle her in a country house, and I believe his idea is that she can only be in Portugal or in England—which is *not* the idea of your Ministers.

The King is certainly better. We have no direct news from our headquarters. It is sup-

posed that Varna will surrender. The Captain Pacha had already made proposals of surrender, but they were refused. Our troops are still before Schoumla, in spite of what the newspapers say.

Lord Grey is gloomy—he advised me to make peace as we had had reverses—a fine moment either to accept or to propose it!

The Duke of Wellington is staying at Lord Hertford's with Austria [*i.e.* the Ambassador].

The Corps Diplomatique here is very cowardly in the case of the little Queen. Some are afraid of going to call upon her for fear of displeasing your Government. The rest go, from shame of seeming to hang behind their comrades. All this happens *ad libitum*. Esterhazy explains that he has only been to see the *Infanta*, the granddaughter of his Emperor. I have told him at least 40 times to speak of Her Majesty. Polignac asked for orders from his Court, and, not having received any, he has not been there yet.

CHAPTER X

REVOLUTION AND REFORM

FROM the end of the year 1829 the contents of Lady Cowper's post-bag resembled those in the red boxes of the Foreign Office. One crisis followed another in Western Europe, and her correspondents discussed these foreign problems at length, with all the more anxiety because the Duke of Wellington's Ministry was obviously insecure. King George IV. died on June 26, 1830. At the end of July 1830 Charles X. of France was dethroned by a revolution in Paris and replaced by the "Citizen King," Louis-Philippe. A month later the Belgians began their revolt against their tactless Dutch King and confronted the Powers who at the Peace of 1815 had united Belgium and Holland with a demand for independence. These events unquestionably stimulated the agitation for Reform at home, and helped the Whigs to regain office and to pass the Reform Bill in June 1832.

The folly of the obstinate French Bourbon, who persisted in maintaining the Comte de Polignac, an ultra-Royalist of the old school, as his Minister, was well understood by Lady

Cowper's correspondents. Her brother Frederick wrote :

“The Duke [of Wellington] has made an *école* in this Turkish affair, but even this is nothing in my opinion to his blunder in France. He now says that Polignac's Administration can't stand, and tries to cut clear of it by saying the changes have been carried too far; but any body but a bungler must have known that Polignac could be at the head of no Ministry but an out and out ultra one, and the Duke in pushing him into place either aimed at an unattainable object, or at one which could not endure and the fall of which may pull down many things with it. I hope this may open the eyes of people to the incapacity of the man and to his intriguing dangerous disposition.”

The Princess Lieven, writing on December 8, 1829, said :

[*Translation.*]

“Herewith a little confidence. Lord Stuart¹ has received an order to make a few representations to Polignac on his own personal position, and to counsel him to flatter public opinion a little more.

“This is what Polignac answered. ‘You had better tell the English Ministry to look after themselves. That is more important than for them to meddle with our affairs.’ I find this very droll.

¹ Sir Charles Stuart, created Lord Stuart de Rothesay in January 1828, was British Ambassador in Paris from 1815 to 1830 and afterwards served at St. Petersburg from 1841 till his death in 1845. He was the father of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, whom Augustus Hare commemorated in his *Two Noble Lives*.

Aberdeen told it me, which I found even droller. But with him there is no end to drolleries.”

Polignac was over-confident, but he could fairly resent such advice from Wellington. An admirable picture of the situation in Paris is given in the following letter from Lord Palmerston, who, having left the Wellington Ministry in May 1828, was free to travel and refresh his mind.

To the Countess Cowper from Lord Palmerston.

PARIS,

Monday 14th Decr. 1829.

MY DEAR LADY COWPER,

Very many Thanks for your entertaining & interesting Letter of the 10th, which I have received this Morning, full of intelligence public & private, all of which is always peculiarly acceptable to an Emigrant, however recent his Emigration. I have no Changes of Ministry to report to you, but on the Contrary changes of Intention as to going out. It seems that the negotiations of last week ended in nothing. Rey was unable to form any government to act with Polignac and the King would not give Polignac up; so that Rey's Mission led to no Result, & on the other Hand, Polignac was unable to find any Body of the Centre Droit, or moderate Tories, of sufficient note to be of use to him; Things are therefore to go on for the present as they are, & the Govt. talk very big about meeting the Chambers, & of what they are to do, if they are beaten upon the Address.

There seems Reason to believe or rather it is quite certain that Austria has promised Military assistance, by the occupation of Piedmont & Sardinia, in a threatening attitude, and that the Ministers here have again turned their views to some measures of Anti-Constitutional Force. What their precise Ideas are, cannot be known; it is thought that Bourmont has been the Chief inspirer of this renewed determination. The *Drapeau Blanc*, the sort of *Standard* of the French Tories, but not absolutely a Government Paper, threatens all sorts of Things. All this, however, must end in a peaceable surrender; The Govt. have no Instruments with which to execute their measures of Force, The Tribunals have shown that they can & will be Stout, The Army is decidedly Constitutional, and even the Garde Royale, as I believe I told you, is imbued with Similar Feelings. An officer of Rank in that Corps said the other day, that the Men were all Liberal & many of the officers also, but that the Non-Commissioned officers were the most so of any; as to doing anything with the Austrian Troops except to rouse the whole French Nation to the highest Degree of Exasperation, & to Light the Flames of War, & of a Revolutionary War too, all over Europe, it is quite out of the Question; & the Austrians will never think of entering France. Prussia would go with Russia, who has formally declared her wish to see maintained the Institutions which were established under the auspices of Alexander. In Short Charles 10th is regularly checkmated, & the only Question is, when he will bring his Mind to give up the game.

I dined at Polignac's, as I told you, this

day week, & was much amused at the true Tory Language of my Two next neighbours, who were lamenting however, that the Electors in their Districts were all Liberal and would vote against any Man who had a Title, merely on that very account. There seems by what Every Body says, who has been in the Provinces, to be a Strong Feeling among the People against the Nobility as a Body; the Remnant of the Feeling of the Revolution, which has not yet been softened down, by any sufficient Inter-course between the Nobility & the Lower & Middling Classes. I sat yesterday at Dinner by a very gentlemanlike & well informed Royalist Monsr. St. Chamans, but it was all the same; The Country would not go on with a Free Press, the Govt. must have Recourse to Force; *il faut d'abord avoir de la force, et puis on peut être raisonnable à loisir.* The cry is only raised by a few ambitious young Men, some Lawyers without Practice, & Editors who want to sell their Papers, &c &c &c. In short what old Mad. de Souza says is very true, the French People have a Book open before Them, one Part of the Nation keep turning back to the Pages towards the Beginning, The other Part want to be reading those towards the End, but nobody chuses to occupy themselves with the Two Pages that are lying open. This is perhaps more true as to those who will be reading backwards than as to the other Party, who would very easily be satisfied with very moderate Concessions. In Fact, the King of France might, if he were wise, be the most powerful Monarch in Europe. He has an immense Income of £1,200,000 Sterling, as Pocket Money; he has the Privilege of alone

proposing Laws, & of withdrawing them when he likes. He has no rich aristocracy to controul him, but a Poor one to depend upon him, and he has a People who are naturally & by habit Royalists ; all he wants is a little Common Sense to know how to give way in Time, & on reasonable Points, & to exert his Power where he can do so with effect.

I went to Court yesterday, it was thinly attended. Polignac looked ill, & is much fatigued & harassed. He gets up at 5 o'clock Every Morning & works till he goes to Bed ; He chose to turn off a M. Bourat, the Backhouse¹ of the Foreign Office, who had been there for 30 years, & who saved much Trouble to others, by being able to tell them all that had passed before, on every subject, & of course this gives Polignac more Labour. He has also attached the Department of Trade to the Foreign Office, from the Home Office, with which it used to go ; and then the whole internal Machinery of France is worked from Paris, to such an Extent of Detail, that there is not even a Parish Constable appointed at the Foot of the Pyrenees or on the Shores of the Mediterranean without the sanction & approval of the Govt. at Paris. This makes their Labour immense, while it obstructs & paralyzes all Improvements in the Provinces. I do not find that there is much Distress in France, or that Prices are much lower than Last year, but they say their Iron Works cannot compete with ours even in the French Market, & this year they have had, one may almost say, no wine.

¹ Backhouse, the permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office.

I have been attending some lectures of Guizot, Villemain & Dupin, upon the Early History of Civilization in Europe, upon the Progress & Origin of European Languages, & upon the State of the Mechanical Arts & Industry of the Civilized World ; & it was amusing to hear Dupin who lectured on the last subject represent England, as the Emporium of Wealth & Industry & Prosperity ; & state that her annual Income was $\frac{1}{3}$ that of the whole Civilized World ; That her Labourers were the highest Paid, her Soil the highest Cultivated & her People the most Industrious, & then to turn to the Columns of the English Papers filled with Lamentations about distress & Beggary all over the Country. How different Things appear to those who look at them from without & from a distance, & who are within & can see all the little Blemishes & Defects.

Paris is quite Full & gay enough. Independent of any Casual Parties, Mad. Girardin & Mad. Junielhac [?] divide the six Days of the week between them, & Mad. de Flahault takes charge of Sundays ; besides which, Mad. de Guiche, Mad. de Royan, & D[uche]ss [of] Hamilton, Each have their Evenings. Mad. de Guiche is in high Beauty, & looking even better than when in England, an opinion which seems strongly entertained by Vallesky. Schwarzenbergh, whenever he thinks of it acts the Inconsolable, but the Part is ill sustained. L[ad]y E. has gone through her *illness* prosperously somewhere in Switzerland. Emma Bennet's Match is confessed to here by Mad. de Guiche, Though Mad. Davidoff acted the Discreet to me the other Day on this subject, & talked only of *perhaps & may be*,—L[ad]y Rancliffe is started again into Society

under the Protection of Mad. de Polignac, at the particular Request of Ranccliffe himself. L[ad]y Warrender is gone to Nice to pass the Winter to get rid of a Cough. Hayter the Painter has arrived here from Italy, and is painting all the gay world with great Success. Their Book Shops are full of English works translated into French, and on Saturday came out at the Italian Theatre a new Opera of Caraffa from *The Bride of Lammermuir*, called *Le Nozze di Lammermuir*; it did not succeed & was voted dull & heavy. Poor man, when he was rich & well-to-do in the world, he composed some music which had great success, & now that he tries to Earn his Bread by it, he fails to please.

I find the Liberals are seriously uneasy at some of the recent articles in the *Drapeau Blanc*, in the last Three Days, & believe them to be indications of a formed Design to *amend the Charter* by Royal Ordonnances. The King too is reported to have said last week at Compiègne, that the Govt. could not want a Majority as long as He was with them, *car "La Majorité c'est le Roy."* Polignac is known to be obstinate & determined & capable of holding out till the Building falls about his Ears, but the King it is hoped will be more docile, otherwise there will be *Trouble* in the State.

The new Club which was established last year is prospering greatly, & I have been elected a Member—it is a great convenience to a casual visitor at Paris, & gives one a *Pied à Terre* immediately for news, & society, & knowledge of who is here & what is going on. But there are still squabbles between the French & English Interests, & the Frenchmen have not yet learnt

patiently to endure the mortification of being *Blackboulé*, which they still consider as a personal affront. I was fortunately elected *à l'unanimité*, which they say is a great compliment. Poor Lady Graham, Sir Bellingham's Wife, was nearly burnt to Death a few days ago, her Dress having caught Fire, as she was standing by the Chimney; She is out of Danger but not out of Suffering. Sir Bellingham behaves like a Brute to her; she begged to see her Children the other Day before she left England, & he would not allow it, Thinking them better in the Society of a Person of bad Character who lives in the House with him. Your account of the answer given to L[or]d S. tallies precisely with a speech L[or]d S. made the other day to Margaret about the Person who gave him the answer. He said, he is a violent Man, a Man of Blood, he will do infinite Mischief.

I believe it is quite true that the Polignac Govt. is as much for Miguel as ours; The 400 Men that are gone to Terceira did not go straight from hence, They were told they must not stay in France, & must not go from thence to Terceira; They went to Ostend where they had some difficulty in landing & from thence on to Terceira. Miguel has just Confiscated the Property of Villa Real & the other absentees.

You say Bingham Baring has lost his Teeth, but you do not mention how or where the Loss occurred. I could get him a Set in the Palais Royal if he would send me the Measure of his Mouth, and there is a Man who advertizes that he makes Chins & Noses to order, who might perhaps be useful to Ly Harriet, & give her a better Nose, in exchange for her Redundancy of

Chin. I was this evening at a Party at Mad. Apponi's, where there were almost as many English as French ; The Latter still keep up the old Quarrel about the Marshalls. Paris would be much pleasanter than it is, if there was not such a Heavy Duty of Morning Visits to perform, not only in paying, but in receiving, from the number of kind Friends who are so good as to interrupt one every Morning for an Hour or Two.

To-Day I had a long talk with Robert Gordon of Bruton Street & of the House of Commons, who travels about the Continent with half a Dozen Carriages & all sorts of Luxuries, & complains that He is ruined & cannot afford to Live in England. He is all for Paper Currency, & depreciating the Standard, & what some People call Equitable adjustment, which consists in robbing the Fundholder, But then he has no Stock & some Land.

There is a poor Mad. de Castries in the depth of Despair, She had left all her Family & Friends out of a romantic attachment to young Metternich, who they say was by no means calculated to inspire such Devotion, & now he has chosen to die & leave her on the Pavé. Little Madame Caroli is very agreeable & talkative, and a sort of tidy Body who manages her affairs cleverly, and always finds & makes herself at Home. But she has a Portion *pour deux* of Lips, something like Gwydyr, only more, & she is always trying to Eat her Inner Lip up, & when she has accomplished that, and has her Mouth shut, she is really pretty. William Bathurst has come here to *promener* his *Ennuis* about Paris, & looks quite gaunt & grim. The French certainly are a shorter Race than we are, both Men and

Women ; all the English look so much taller in Society here, than they do in London.

Salisbury seems determined to keep well with all Parties, I had a note from him here a few Days ago asking me to step over to Hatfield on the 21st of this Month, which I cannot do as I shall not be back in Time ; I wish he had asked me in the Beginning of January, & I could have taken him on my Return from Cambridge. I believe he finds out when I am in Ireland & France & takes those opportunities of inviting me to his Battus. Our Frost still continues though not severely, but I was somewhat pleased the other day upon ascending to the Top of the Pantheon (St Geneviève) to see the dense Fog which hung over the Course of the Seine, & which, the Man who shewed it assured me, dwells there all winter through ; it was quite like London, allowing for the difference between Coal Smoke & wood. It is difficult to persuade the French that *O'Connelle* is not going to divide Ireland from England and they none of them can understand how the D[uke] of Bedford can be a Supporter of the Duke's Government.

Adieu,
yrs very sincerely,
P.

There is no end to new Contrivancies, and a Husband here, who wanted to get rid of a Third Wife, had recourse to the most Comical mode of relieving himself of her : He persuaded her to let him swaddle her like an Infant, and when she was bandaged up from her Shoulders to her ankles, he laughed her to Death by tickling

the soles of her Feet. Can you conceive anything so horrid, & so ingenious ; it beats Burke & Hare.

The Report of the Day is that the Ministers think of suspending the Liberty of the Press, and making the Judges removeable at Pleasure, and making some Change in the Law of Elections—all this to be done by Proclamation & the Chambers then to be dissolved. So says the *Constitutionnel* of Today, Tuesday 15.

On June 26, 1830, George iv. died at Windsor. The *Annual Register* for 1830 described the mode of his death, and added an obituary notice—evidently written by a Tory—the candour of which was not tempered by any of the reticence due to the position occupied by its subject. After explaining that the seclusion in which the King had spent his latter years made his death less felt than is usual with a sovereign, it continued :

“ There have been more popular monarchs . . . there have been many who held out to their subjects a far better model of moral excellence and George iv. was subject to the disadvantage of standing in immediate contrast to the long life of his revered father . . . and more than all he had incurred the hatred of a party who never pardoned him for having preferred, when the destinies of the Empire were entrusted to his charge, the policy which saved the honour and independence of his country and of Europe, to the timid and unpatriotic counsels, which

would have tied her as another tributary to the car of the conqueror of the continent. . . . The mortal offence which he gave lay in this, that he refused to make the companions of his pleasures the ministers of his empire. . . . His most if not his only unpopular political act was among his last—the yielding what was called ‘Catholic Emancipation.’ ”

His successor, William iv., known as a bluff and honest sailor, more fond of simple retirement and peaceful pleasures than of the Court, succeeded him on the throne. It was his fate to preside over constitutional changes. The Whigs did well in the general election that, as usual, followed the new King’s accession. Their temper is reflected in the following letter from Palmerston to his brother-in-law, Sullivan :

ST. JOHN’S (CAMBRIDGE).
1 Aug. 1830.

You will like I am sure to hear that our Election went off in the most satisfactory manner, having begun at 10 on Saturday morning, & having been fully completed & ended as the Lawyers say by half past ten, in the presence of a select party of about thirty persons. We have been warmly congratulated by the *rari* who are still wandering *in gurgite vasto* of Cambridge, with the single exception of poor Dr French of Jesus, who would not come into the Senate House, & who, when I met him afterwards within 200 yds of the door superintending an alteration in the pavement opposite King’s,

would not even congratulate me, though in other respects he was very civil.

William & I dined yesterday in St. John's Hall and went in the evening to play whist at Sinner Browning at Trinity. Today we dine at the Vice Chancellor's & shall return to town early tomorrow.

Well, this is a pretty rapid process in France; on Monday the King issues a Revolutionary Proclamation violating & subverting the Constitution, on Wednesday there is an insurrection, and on Thursday he is deposed; sharp & short with a vengeance. I always expected this result, but not so rapidly.

We shall drink the cause of Liberalism all over the world. Let Spain & Austria look to themselves; this reaction cannot end where it began, & Spain & Italy & Portugal & parts of Germany will sooner or later be affected. This event is decisive of the ascendancy of Liberal Principles throughout Europe; the evil spirit has been put down and will be trodden under foot. The reign of Metternich is over & the days of the Duke's policy might be measured by algebra, if not by arithmetic.

You see the Govt. is gaining nothing at the Elections, they lose one at Canterbury one at Norwich, they are beat at Seaford, & will fail in Inverness-shire. Wherever in a populous place or in a County, a change takes place, as in Yorkshire for instance, it is a substitution of one opponent for another. Candidates, as Brougham said in his speech at York, fight candidates, & families & colours & men are pitted against each other, but nobody stands out as Champions of the Government, because

no man can say what is the present meaning of the word Government translated into political principles ; it can only be rendered by the paraphrase of vacillation in public measures, & jobbing in patronage.

Palmerston was unduly optimistic in regard to Liberalism in Europe. But he judged rightly of England. The Wellington Government resigned in November, Lord Grey took office, and the first Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons on March 1, 1831.

King William had married in 1818 the Princess Adelaide, eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. The presence of a Queen at the Court made a striking difference in England, and a Queen who rode daily, leaving her attendants far behind as she galloped through the glades of Windsor, who occupied herself with the details of her household, and improved the daily service of the Palaces in an astonishing manner, would have been popular with the country. But an unfortunate impression got abroad, not only that she was opposed to Reform, but that she was secretly influencing her husband against it. The impression was so strong that, when Daniel O'Connell addressed a great Reform meeting at Charing Cross, he solemnly pointed to Whitehall, reminding his audience that Charles I. perished there because he had been led by a foreign wife. The ladies of the Reform party allowed themselves a

latitude of expression on the subject of the Queen, in which their rage outran their discretion. Mme. de Lieven, horror-struck, wrote to Lady Cowper :

“ Do you know that Lady Grey¹ is a very horrid woman, passionate, bitter, Jacobinical, anything you like to say bad. She hates the Queen and says all the ill of her that she can ; she nearly quarrelled with me because I would not believe that Lord Howe was too devoted to her. She says that Lady Howe is always in tears. First of all it is ridiculous, secondly, it is infamous. The wife of a Minister of the King trying to force a foreign ambassadress to believe that the Queen is unworthy of respect. Has anything like that ever been heard before ? When she saw that I did not believe her, she told me to ask my servants. I replied that I never gossipped with them. Mme. de Flahaut, who was present, was quite ‘ shocked,’ to use your English expression.”

Lady Cowper herself, according to Greville, was a “ furious anti-Reformer ” in January 1832.²

The Reform Bill with slight alterations received the Royal assent on June 7, 1832.

Sir Frederick Lamb’s sardonic comment in October 1832, after the long struggle was over,

¹ The wife of the Prime Minister. Earl Howe was the Queen’s Chamberlain ; he was dismissed at the demand of Lord Grey on October 1, 1831.

² Greville, *Memoirs*, ii, 234-9.

doubtless represented the views of many old-fashioned Whigs :

“ I fear with Bob that everything is going to the Devil. If party violence does not subside, no society no institutions can stand it. As to resisting further reform how is it to be done if the Govt. does not act as an unity ? if individual members of it go about outbidding the radicals for popularity. The first thing to be done is to establish among themselves that all further steps are to be Cabinet measures, and that the right of private judgment upon them is at an end. This is a duty and may be done without attacking any body. It is clear that, unless war comes, we are at the beginning of a series of great changes, and it requires above all things concert and coolness to conduct them with safety, if safety therein be possible.

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CHAPTER XI

THE WHIGS IN POWER

ON May 13, 1831, Sir Frederick had been appointed Ambassador at the Court of Vienna. This post was one of the most coveted because at the time the most important in the Diplomatic Service. One of the reasons for Sir Frederick's appointment was that he got on well with Metternich, the wily Prince and State Chancellor of Austria, and that they thought alike on foreign policy. Both were fascinating, both favourites with women, whose intelligence and the uses to which it could be put they greatly appreciated. Sir Frederick exercised a good deal of influence over Lord Melbourne, who had become Home Secretary in Lord Grey's Ministry, though the elder brother could not understand the younger's severe strictures on the Whigs. Sir Frederick was becoming a little embittered by his lonely life, his increasing ill-health, and disabling fits of gout.

It was a time of trouble for every Government in Europe. In France Charles x. and his family had been expelled, and the throne given to Louis-Philippe of Orleans. There is a curious

legend about his birth. A great personage and his wife were travelling in Italy. During the journey the cortege halted at a small town in Italy where the great lady was brought to bed. The wife of a humble gardener near by was also brought to bed at the same time. As soon as she was able to travel the great lady drove away with her husband rejoicing in the son and heir whose arrival was so important to their prosperity. In the gardener's house, where now a certain affluence and comfort existed, lived a beautiful baby girl. Her elegance, distinction, and grace as she grew older attracted the admiration of an English nobleman who, while passing through Italy, fell in love with her, caused her to be educated, and in time married her. The son of the gardener rose to a throne, says the legend, while the daughter of the great lady lived and reigned in an English country house. Such was the story told of the birth of Prince Louis-Philippe, who now mounted the throne of France—"Le Roi des Barricades," he was called to begin with. His strange pear-shaped head gained him the nickname of "la Poire" in later life.

Sir Frederick, commenting on these high political matters, found time also to discuss the matrimonial projects of his nephew, Lord Fordwich. Thus he wrote in May 1833 :

"As to Anne Robinson I don't think her prospects so very secure as you seem to do, but

in your place I should speak thoroughly to For about it and learn what He really wld like, for he is very likely from shyness and awkwardness and fear of ridicule not to do the very thing He wld prefer."

Sir Frederick did well to advise Lady Cowper to find out what Fordwich really wanted about his marriage, for Charles Greville, the writer of the *Memoirs*, wrote a most amusing letter to his brother Henry on Fordwich's vacillations. The attentions he had paid to Lady Anne Robinson, daughter of Lord De Grey, had excited a good deal of comment, but nothing had come of them.

"Fordwich is in town and has never been to Wrest. George Cole tried very hard to get him down there. He contrived to make Fordwich offer to carry him down, & when F. put it off from day to day he waited to go with him. He used to call on him at all hours of the day, in the middle of the day before dinner, in the morning before he was up but alas it was all in vain. F. said he must go to Canterbury which, *parenthèse*, he never did, and has I rather suspect made up his magnanim[o]us mind to postpone the whole affair *sine die*. I am very sorry for the disappointment this may occasion in so many quarters. I was amused to hear from you that Lady G. considered the bird as springed. I am afraid he wants some more salt on his tail yet. He wags it where he pleases and I am not sure that he is wrong to cling to sweet liberty while he can. My Mother and all his friends strongly

advised it. It may come about and I hope it may."

On September 18 Charles Greville told a different tale. He wrote to his brother, who was abroad, saying :

"I have received your observations on Fors marriage being off just as the letters of congratulation were beginning to cease. I will now give you some more detailed particulars. He was for a long time without being able at all to make up his mind. He went about soliloquizing like Hamlet, 'To be or not to be, that was the question,' and as this was one of these cases when *not* to decide is to decide it was supposed to be off, & under that supposition he staid 6 days at Panshanger and afterwards said of them : 'I do not know anything that would induce me to pass 6 such wretched days as those.' At last his love (for I am really convinced now that he is very much in love with her) got the better of his dread of matrimony, and he posted off and proposed and so little did they expect it that they had actually sent all their Servants and luggage to Yorkshire, and the next day when they put off going they found themselves with wooden knives and earthenware plates.

"I am very glad indeed of it. I think they are so very nice as part of one's family I think they have a *bel avenir*. Anne is looking very well and having got rid of that nervousness she used to have with him is very quiet in her manner. The marriage is to be on the 5th. I have been at Panshanger for the last week shooting. Birds are wonderfully plentiful. We

have had the whole Conference there. Fordwich asked Auguste (his servant) one morning who was gone. 'Ah, My lord, *les ministres d'Autriche, de Prusse, de Hollande et de Russie viennent de partir,*' & he pinched up his little face in a most important manner. The visit of the little Queen of Portugal has destroyed all our feelings of interest for her. She is tall & enormously fat very like Miss Petre. She shocked even Lord Sefton by the quantity she eat at dinner and after all this 'joying' they sent her to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9. She has round fat cheeks, not talkative, has not good manners, but the Duchess of Braganza is charming."

Lord Fordwich soon overcame his hesitation, and was married on October 7, 1833, to Lady Anne Robinson. Their eldest son became later the seventh and last Earl Cowper (1834-1905), who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1880 to 1882.

The Grey Ministry was shattered in the summer of 1834 by differences over Irish policy. At the end of May Lord John Russell's open approval of a scheme for depriving the Church of Ireland of part at least of the tithes led to the resignation of Stanley, Lord Ripon, the Duke of Richmond, and Sir James Graham. Their places were filled, but fresh differences at once arose over the renewal of the Coercion Act. Unfortunately Mr. Littleton, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, thought well to make a confidant of O'Connell and, with Lord Althorp's

knowledge, almost pledged the Government to modify the Coercion Act against the wishes of Lord Grey. When his bargain became known, the Cabinet repudiated it, Althorp resigned and was followed on July 9 by Grey himself. The King then asked Lord Melbourne,¹ who was Home Secretary, to become Prime Minister. He accepted the task and persuaded Althorp to resume the leadership in the Commons. Prince Metternich's comment on the situation, as reported by Sir Frederick, was droll enough.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

14 June [1834].

These changes at home are the Devil. Metternich says it reminds him of the Comédie Française when in summer the parts are acted by the *doubles*.² Don't repeat. They hate him enough already. At least if you do repeat, put some other name to it. Where have you fished out that I have not kind feelings to Mary? It's the oddest way of peacemaking. Every thing I hear makes me figure to myself England as a *Guépière*, and had I either business or amusement in prospect I wld change my plans and not venture into it. Hold my tongue as I will, all hands will combine to get me into scrapes, and even silence is a crime, but, remember, I come not to talk politics but to live with my friends and amuse myself.

¹ William Lamb had succeeded to the title on the death of his father in July 1828.

² The understudies.

I open my letter to say that, though Diplomatic presents are abolished, considering the time M[a]d[am]e de Lieven has been in England and the weight they will have where they are going, the King ought to make her a very handsome present which may probably produce a return of 10 times its value in good offices. If He is stingy, the money should be found for him, but it should be very handsome or not at all. Represent this upon my authority where it may be useful.

Prince and Princess Lieven were recalled to the Russian Court in May 1834, the Prince to become governor of the Tsarevitch, and the Princess to take up her late mother-in-law's duties as lady-in-waiting.

Sir Frederick received his leave and came home, so that there is no correspondence between him and his sister for nearly a year. We have therefore no comments on Lord Melbourne's first Ministry, which came to an end on November 15, 1834. Personal disagreements within the Cabinet and the removal of Lord Althorp, who was leader of the House of Commons, to the Upper House on the death of his father Lord Spencer, made it difficult for Lord Melbourne to carry on the Government. The King dismissed him and sent for the Duke of Wellington. But the Duke knew that he could not form a Ministry and Sir Robert Peel was sent for. Sir Robert and his wife were at that moment in Italy. The messenger who carried the letter asking Sir

Robert to form an administration was unaware of his exact whereabouts. After travelling night and day, exhausted, travel-stained, and hungry, he presented himself more dead than alive at the hotel where he found the tall Sir Robert, in stately evening dress, with his Julia beside him, her flowing ringlets twined with diamonds, her white shoulders gleaming from her rich dress, for they had just returned from a great ball at the house of an Italian princess. "You ought to have been here earlier," was all he said to the man who had spared neither health nor strength in reaching him.

It took Sir Robert, travelling as fast as he could, twelve days to reach London. Meanwhile the Duke of Wellington acted as First Lord of the Treasury and held the three Secretaryships, so that the King's Government might be carried on. Sir Robert, on his return, had some difficulty in forming a Ministry to his liking. "Damn the Whigs, they 're all cousins," he exclaimed. He went to the country, was beaten, and resigned in April 1835.

The situation in France was disturbed. The Orleanist Constitutionalists had a strong majority in the Chamber until 1836 and controlled the King. Thiers succeeded the Duc de Broglie as Premier on February 22, 1836. But when Thiers, who with Guizot shared the leadership of the Moderates, quarrelled with the King over foreign policy, Louis-Philippe let him resign and appointed

as Premier his personal friend, M. Molé, on September 6, 1836. The formation of a Cabinet of ladies, with which the wits of French Society amused themselves, shows the different influences at work at the Court of France. Mme. Adelaide, the King's sister, was said to be his chief adviser.

The Comtesse de Boigne, widow of General Comte de Boigne, and daughter of the Marquise d'Osmond, lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, was *dame d'atours* to the Queen Marie Amélie. Her *Memoirs* show that the Queen reposed much confidence in her, and relied upon her judgment. Madame de Boigne was an intimate friend of the Chancellor, Baron de Pasquier. She became a channel for unofficial communications between the Court and the outside world. She was deeply interested in the princes and princesses of the Royal House, and the pages of her *Memoirs* abound with descriptions of Court and political intrigues, which were synonymous under Louis-Philippe. The Duchesse de Dino was the wife of Comte Edmond de Périgord, Duc de Dino, son of Prince Talleyrand. She had been a Princess of Courland, and their marriage had been arranged by the Tsar Alexander I. of Russia and Prince Talleyrand. She acted as hostess for Prince Talleyrand during his lifetime. She accompanied him to England when he was made Ambassador to the Court of St. James's in 1830. Madame de Boigne described

her as ultra-Tory in her opinions. The Ambassador, who was appointed in defiance of the wishes of M. Molé, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, communicated directly with the King of the French on foreign affairs instead of through the official channels. This proceeding was one of the causes which determined M. Molé to resign his post. His successor, General Sebastiani, complained bitterly but unavailingly of Talleyrand's proceedings, but it remained for the Duc de Broglie, who replaced General Sebastiani, to put a term to this conduct. He corresponded only on unimportant matters with the Ambassador. Talleyrand, having endeavoured to open communications with Lord Palmerston on a matter affecting the two countries, was told by him that the affair had occupied the attention of the two Cabinets for some three weeks and had just been brought to a successful conclusion. Madame de Dino was therefore in direct opposition to the Duchesse de Broglie. Prince Talleyrand returned to Paris, where his daughter-in-law devoted herself to the interests of Thiers. Mme. de Boigne says that she was helped by Princess Lieven, who took up the intrigue "to keep her hand in." Madame de Caraman was the wife of Comte Victor de Caraman. Lady Granville described her as

"... a very pretty woman here, but would not be thought so in London. Full of information, delightful talents, draws and paints like an

artist, sings beautifully, speaks English perfectly and Italian, Spanish and German *de même*. Detested by her compatriots, protected by . . . Her fault is unbounded love of admiration, and unwearied toil to obtain it, & she overshoots the mark.”¹

This description explains her proposed appointment to the Ministry of Commerce, but the pun is untranslatable.

To Lady Cowper from the Princess Lieven.

[*Translation.*]

PARIS, February 12, 1836.

MY DEAR GOOD WOMAN,

The spectacle of the Ministerial crisis is assuredly very *piquant*. During the 8 days which have elapsed since the fall of the Ministry, nothing has been done, hardly even attempted. The third party have been sent for by the King and consulted, according to their own account, but invited, as the King says and as I think, to form a Ministry. Yesterday they announced that they had met with too many obstacles to form anything, and declared themselves ready only to form part of an administration. On hearing this, the King finished with them, and sent for M. Molé, but M. Molé has told me several times during the last few days that he would undertake no task which would place him under the necessity of leaning on the Left. It remains to be seen whether, as one hopes, some of the late Ministry can return. This could be soon done if M. de Broglie would release them from their *allegiance*.

¹ *Letters to Harriet, Countess Granville*, vol. ii, p. 133.

But that is what he will not do. His colleagues will not leave him ; nor will they take him back. The Chamber wishes this even less than they do, and the King even less than all the rest put together, and that is how matters stand.

Meanwhile, what a situation for gossip, and how much I hear ! Intrigue is spoken of. The Flahaults are the chief offenders, and all the more that his name has been circulated in a list of new Ministers, he himself for Foreign Affairs ! Pending a decision, people amuse themselves by nominating women.

President of the Council	Madame Adelaide,
Minister of the Interior	Comtesse de Boigne,
Ministry of Justice and	
Cults	Duchesse de Broglie,
Foreign Affairs	Duchesse de Dino,
War	Comtesse de Flahault,
Commerce (a curious	
kind)	Marquise de Caraman,

—for the French laugh in the middle of everything.¹ President Jackson and his *non-intercourse* make no impression. We are wearied with the bandying about of men's names.

My dear, how good you are to write to me so regularly. I beg that you will continue to do so. The Granvilles are miserable at the fall of Broglie. An Ambassador must not attach his policy to one man only, & that is what your ambassador did.

Sir Frederick wrote of the French crisis in June 1836 that "These events at Paris are a

¹ Henry Greville noted the list as "the joke of the day" in his diary for Thursday, February 11, 1836 : see *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*, p. 86.

mighty affair; without them the whole of Europe was shaking to its foundations." He attached importance to the battle going on between the King and the Moderates for the principles on which France was to be governed. Then in the middle of his political letter came the *cri du cœur*, the remembrance of how he had seen his young sister Harriet pining away in her youth: "I hear Fanny looks thin and coughs. She is at an awkward age; move her about, let her change air very often and if she does not get right before winter move her to Naples at whatever sacrifice. I never forget how Harriet was lost; if the thing had been understood and taken in time she would have lived."

In 1836 Lord Melbourne was cited as co-respondent in a divorce case, *Norton v. Norton*. He was exonerated. Sir Frederick's letter to his sister on the subject is a mixture of scolding and glee. The Tories who had tried to make capital out of the affair were much disappointed, but, said Greville,¹ "the King behaved very handsomely about it and expressed his satis-

¹ *The Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii, p. 351. It may be noted that next year Dickens in his account of the breach of promise action, *Bardell v. Pickwick*, caricatured some of the incidents in the Norton case. Melbourne's trivial notes to Mrs. Norton, to which Norton's counsel gave a sinister interpretation, suggested the famous "Chops and Tomato Sauce" and "Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan," which Serjeant Buzfuz construed so unfavourably. Melbourne had been named as co-respondent in an action brought by the fourth Lord Brandon in 1829, but the case was dropped.

faction at the result in terms sufficiently flattering to Melbourne." Three years later, when Queen Victoria gave Mrs. Norton an audience, the King of the Belgians commented thereon :

" It was a very generous feeling which prompted you to see Mrs. Norton, and I have been too much her friend to find fault with it. True it is that Norton was freely accepted by her, but she was very poor and could hardly venture to refuse him. Many people will flirt with a clever, handsome but poor girl, though not marry her—besides, the idea of having old Shery for a grandfather had nothing very captivating. A very unpleasant husband Norton certainly was and one who had little tact." ¹

Such were the views of the early nineteenth century on marriage, producing about the same results as those of the twentieth.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

28 June, 1836.

Quel triomphe ! J'ai ta lettre du 23. The verdict was clearly right, but I had undervalued the sense of a Jury as you will have seen by my letter of yesterday. The Attorney General's speech is a masterpiece of tact and discretion, and the whole thing seems to me to leave the Lady in a position in which, with a little protection, She may do very well. I know them all

¹ *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, under May 22, 1840. "Shery" was R. B. Sheridan, politician, theatrical manager, and wit.

for canaille, but We must help her as well as we can. Don't let Wm think himself invulnerable for having got off again this time; no man's luck can go further. God bless you, Em, I must write a line of triumph to the Lieven with whom I had some discussion about this affair. Bless you.

Why did Campbell make that strong personal declaration of innocence from Wm himself? I see no end it answers, and I can't bring myself to like it.

But what an abomination it is that the whole of a poor Woman's private and most interior life, her dress, her health, all that should be sacred, should thus be sifted and exposed to the whole world. And yet we look down upon the civilisation of other nations, and consider them as indecent and immoral and ourselves the types of all perfection. Could not Lady Holland get this trial reviewed in the *Edinburgh* and the utter profligacy and immorality of these trials, with the venality they produce in Husbands and the Collusion between them and their wives, put in its true light?

King Louis-Philippe and his Ministers had offended Palmerston by their passive attitude towards the civil war in Spain. They had not supported our efforts on behalf of the Queen. The consequence was that when Parliament was opened by the King on January 31, 1837, there was no mention of France in the speech. As M. Molé had lately endeavoured to restore friendly relations in Great Britain, this omission was much commented on and Lord Palmerston

was freely blamed. Lady Cowper wrote in her diary on this occasion when Lord Palmerston had been staying at Panshanger, on January 23 :

“ Ld. P. went up to London. As Talleyrand used to say on some occasion, ‘ *Il n’y a rien de si éloquent que le silence.*’ No mention of France in the King’s speech.”

And on the 31st :

“ Meeting of Parliament. Melbourne’s speech excellent : King’s speech ditto. Here’s a mouse out of a mountain, after all the denunciations and threats, here is the Address quietly carried and the affairs of Spain and Portugal nearly agreed to, but this is the end of all the virulent attacks in the newspapers for the last six months. The fact is, the Tories would have been glad to run the Spanish question as an engine to get out the Government, and in truth are not sorry to see it likely to be settled, and at any rate hardly know whom to blame. The present Tory feeling is to lye still, and to expect a split and fight between the Whigs and Radicals.”

“ *February 23rd.* Division on Irish Corporation Bill, 80. We only expected 60. This is a great triumph for the Government. I should think [it] would keep them in. If they were to dissolve, they think they would still keep 25 seats, and if the Opposition dissolved, they would still probably lose ground. Sheil’s speech beautiful and powerful. The word ‘ Alien ’ applied to Lord Lyndhurst¹ sitting under the

¹ Copley, Lord Lyndhurst, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, before the American Colonies declared their independence.

gallery brought ironical cheers. Stanley a good deal annoyed by allusions to his change of politics.”¹

Lord Cowper's health had begun to fail. Mixed with politics in Lady Cowper's diary were the anxieties connected with her husband's health. On March 7 she wrote: "He seems a little more comfortable and more able to enjoy conversation." On March 26, "He did not like being left"; later, "Lord C. ill and I read him half through the night." She tried homeopathy; during the treatment "I was almost out of my mind with anxiety and with no rest either night or day. I must try to keep up my spirits for his dear sake." On June 21 he died. "At a quarter to nine at night was the last breath of the best of friends and the kindest of husbands. The most benevolent and the kindest of men. The most strictly just, and the most considerate of the feelings of others. All his good qualities would fill a page, and his faults were almost none; at least I never knew a mortal in whom was less to blame or more to love and admire and respect."

His wife's comfort at that moment was the thought of a future life. "Gaze on to the light & glory of a renewed & progressive existence," she wrote in her diary. At that moment nothing mattered to her.

¹ Stanley, with Graham, had joined the Tory Party.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

1st July, 1837.

It could not be otherwise. Yr last letter left no doubt on my mind of what this one would bring. God send you strength, my Em. To him it is truly a release, for He risked falling into a state a thousand times worse than what has happened. You are surrounded with people who love you, and you may dispose of me both now and at all times entirely. Every word you say of him is true; there never was a juster intellect, or a more noble and finer nature. Yet, Dearest Child, dwell as little as may be upon what is irreparable, for it saps health and life, and rather turn yr thoughts as far as depends upon you on the other objects which are left to you, who love you beyond any thing, and to whom you are so necessary. You will have had some dreadful moments even after yr last sad and affectionate letter to me, but the worst is now passed, and pray, Em, do all you can to distract yr thoughts rather than let them dwell upon this misery. I know it to be fatal to life, and therefore it is I am so earnest with you not to give way to what is an indulgence to oneself but destructive in its results. I shall of course hear from you and expect to send a Courier in a day or two who will probably arrive before this letter—by him I shall most likely be able to fix my departure for Carlsbad. Yr Children will know how anxious I shall be and will have written if you have not. Bless you, my Em. It is heavy to me not to be with you at this moment. Bless you.

A certain bewilderment came over Lady Cowper's mind. She who had lived over thirty years at Panshanger, laid out its terraces, built its picture gallery "with Lord C.," had to leave her home. She did not know where to go. Her son saw no reason why she should not remain at Panshanger, but Sir Frederick was wiser. "I am glad you have taken refuge at Bocket," he wrote, "I knew that Fordwich would be all you said. Anne is a good laughing thing but she is not one of us. Drive over in a morning to see her and For. if you like, but don't force yourself, there is no good in that. You will never like Panshanger again."

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CHAPTER XII

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION

ON June 20, 1837, King William IV. died, and was succeeded by the Princess Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Kent. Lord Melbourne, being Prime Minister, had the right of constant attendance on the Queen. Her youth, her isolated position, naturally appealed to one whose feelings for women had always been largely composed of chivalrous admiration. Her nearest advisers were her secretary, Baron Stockmar, and her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, both Germans. The young Queen was, at the time of her accession, an unknown quantity for the Ministers of the Crown and the great leaders of public life. She had been kept entirely secluded by her mother, and was never separated from her even at night. None knew her character or her opinions. What wonder, then, that Lord Melbourne, actuated by his knowledge of the world, and aware to the full of the advantage of his position as Prime Minister, made full use of it to impress Whig principles on the Queen. His mother would have felt proud, had she been alive, to see him act exactly as she would

have advised on this occasion. The Opposition realised with anxiety how great was the opportunity afforded to the Government, and a "Letter to the Queen," attributed to Lord Brougham, which appeared in the Press, found fault with Lord Melbourne's constant presence at the Palace, which was really more deeply resented by the Opposition than by the nation. It was necessary for the Queen to have a Court formed for her, and Lord Melbourne not unnaturally surrounded her with the ladies of his own party, whom he knew well and of whose views, both moral and political, he approved. Yet, as he himself said later, the ladies whom he had chosen or recommended for the purpose were not only those who held strong Whig views. He was careful to avoid placing the ladies of his own family among them, though Lady Cowper and Lady Shaftesbury were frequent visitors at Windsor. The Queen herself chose his niece, Lady Fanny Cowper, then in the full bloom of her beauty, as one of her train-bearers at the Coronation in 1838.

The cynical Sir Frederick was delighted with all that he heard of the young Queen. Writing in July 1837 he said :

"It is clear to me that Victoria has some very sensible Person behind Her ; a young girl may have any amount of cleverness, but the discretion She has shewed belongs to an older head. The most promising trait I have heard

of her, is the reproach from the Conroy¹ faction of obstinacy and self will. Not that these are qualities wherein Girls are deficient, are they, Fanny? God bless you Em, I really think Brother Wm thrives under work, and no wonder when work prospers so—it is when things run cross that the health fails under it. I always knew that the more He had to do, and the more He was forced to produce himself the higher He would stand, and so it has turned out.”

The new reign began with troubles in Lower Canada. The Assembly had refused to vote supplies and was dissolved in August 1837. Papineau with a small following of French Canadians raised the standard of revolt, but was easily defeated and compelled to take refuge in the United States. A similar rising in Upper Canada was quickly suppressed. Sir Frederick, while intensely interested in a controversy occasioned by the young Queen's decision to give precedence at her table to foreign ambassadors, including the American envoy, over all other guests save Lord Melbourne, was deeply concerned about Canada.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

7th Novbr. 1837.

Don't you perceive that human nature requires an outbreak and if it don't get it one

¹ Sir John Conroy had been Master of the Household to the Duchess of Kent. The Queen, who did not like him, asked him to retire from her service. She gave him a pension of £3000 a year but refused him an Irish peerage.

way, it must in another? This is true both in politics, morals and everything else. I could shew it you plain enough but I don't like to put the deductions in writing. You will see them clear enough. Though it appears to me as if all the faculties of all England were now absorbed in vote-counting, a proof by the by of the System I have stated. The Canadas half in insurrection. The French taking possession of the whole north of Africa—ready to pounce upon Port Mahon, and many other things I could state. Does anyone cast away a thought upon them? not one—they are calculating the votes of the trimmers. I don't like to croak and therefore I suppress all observations upon the subject—but it don't strike me as a good symptom, nor do I like to see it. Oh for one hour of Mr. Pitt and his Parliament with him by the by.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

4th December 1837.

I have now two long letters to answer Dst Em. What a shame! Poor Egremont¹—his will makes the best disposition of his property He could make. I believe Hny Wyndham had laid himself out for more and am not sorry He is disappointed. Halford's report of what the Duke said about — residing in the Palace is true. I heard it in another way some time back and wrote our friend word of it. The Duke, moreover, says He first gave the advice;

¹ The Earl of Egremont, well known as a collector and as the friend of Turner, had died at the age of eighty-five on November 11, 1837.

you will observe He never very much approves of anything without thinking He has in some way the credit of it. It seems to me a great point that the Queen shld stick to not marrying till She is one and twenty, and also that She should take no engagement beforehand, which it is reported that She has already done, I hope without truth. Tell this to Wm. It comes to me in a very authentic shape and in favour of a Cobourg.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

6th [December 1837].

Just got yrs, Dst Em, of 26. What we see here as yet of the news from Canada makes me fear it will last the winter, and if it does we shall be exposed to great hazards, many and of various sorts. I wish I could see in yr letter any excuse for yr Govt. I can not. Even if Howick's advice had *prevailed* and they had decided to treat with Papineau—the only way of doing so was to be in force for all emergencies. The sending force sufficient wanted no decision of the Cabinet, it could have been done by the proper Departments of themselves. Long before I left England I mentioned to Wm the necessity in the turn things were taking in Canada of taking measures in time to have a sufficient force there. He received it with the sort of impatience He sometimes shews, and which always prevents a man from hearing the truth except when it is agreeable to him: but what was evident to me two years ago in England, and was made more evident even out here last spring, can admit of no excuse for having been

overlooked by the Govt. The march you speak of from Halifax alarms me. On looking again however at yr letter I see it is not clearly announced as a march: but if they wait till the river opens, they must wait long. Sir Howard Douglas had traced a line of road, and the Province had voted the money, but Stanley¹ then in office directed it to other subjects. It is to Stanley that People who have long watched these affairs attribute the whole evil—partly from his false views, partly from his arrogant behaviour to the Deputies from Canada. The curse of Representative Govts is the power they throw into the hands of people who can talk, and are fit for nothing else. Things may go right in Canada of themselves from the force of the English population there, but if they do, there will be no thanks due to the Govt, and if they do not, they will bring on a change in its composition. How else can it be carried on without the Radicals and in face of the Tories? As to Glenelg² I don't see what's to be said for him, but I fear E. Ellice³ would hardly put a better successor in his place.

Yr difficulty about Diplomatic precedence exists every where. Here just as much as in England, but it is no difficulty in practice nor need it be with you if they will but let it alone. No Foreign Minister here would ever think of taking precedence of a Prince of the Empire

¹ Stanley had been Secretary for War and the Colonies from 1833 to 1834.

² Lord Glenelg was Secretary for War and the Colonies from 1835 to 1839.

³ Edward Ellice, commonly called "Bear" Ellice, from his large interests in the Canadian fur trade.

which rank answers about to that of Duke with you. At the same time a civil Duke might give it him. Tankerville and Durham wld go before them, a smother Earl wld prefer being behind. The difficulty can never occur except in the single instance of a dinner, and, if left to itself, can be no difficulty at all. In all Court Ceremonies their places are marked apart. Why draw the difficulty on yrself by choosing to arrange what is incapable of arrangement.

Do you know in my heart I am very glad of this Canada business—it may give a *secousse* to the public mind and take it off the low quarrelsome petty objects it has for years exclusively dwelt upon, and shew us that there are real solid interests as well worth attention as the abstract and self interested objects We have exclusively dwelt upon. The tone of the Press already gives token of this. May it go forwards!

To the Countess Cowper from Sir F. Lamb.

8th [January ?] 1838.

As the Queen occupies herself with the Etiquette of her Court, in which She is quite right, it is too hard upon Her to have nobody to tell Her what that Etiquette ought to be—*d'autant plus* as in the mutiny case you relate it is not matter of choice but of positive stipulation, having been regulated by two public Acts to which England is a Party—one signed at the Congress of Vienna, the other at Paris in 1825. By these, Envoys and Ministers Plenipotentiary have no rank at all, and Ambassadors take precedence of every body except the Sons and

Brothers of Kings. These rules have been acted upon all over Europe ever since, nor can anything be so inconvenient, when there is a rule, as not to abide by it. You will see at once from this the absurdity of giving to foreign Ministers rank over the Duke of Norfolk and the Archbishop. Such a piece of stupidity wld never be permitted at any foreign Court towards one of the Queen's Ministers. Why shld she commit it towards those of others? When Sir Robert Chester talks of courtesy, He talks nonsense. Courtesy gives what one possesses oneself, but not the property of others! Thus She may give the entrée to her Court, a separate place at public ceremonies, and so forth, but She cannot give precedence over others who have a higher rank. Here the courtesy must come from themselves and I dare say it wld do so. Sir Robert Chester shld be told to leave off his time immemorial and look to the acts I have mentioned, which have altered all the immemoriality and serve as the rule for all Europe. At Wm 4th's Court they were often overlooked because Queen Adelaide was always occupied with giving rank to her petty German Cousins, but Victoria can have no such feeling. There's a lecture on etiquette for you which I pray you to *faire valoir*. It is so convenient to have a generally received rule that I should be sorry if it were infringed by us: I don't care a straw what the rule is, but if altered it should be by common consent.

It seems to me, as to you, that Govt took quite a wrong line about Canada from the beginning. Perhaps it is too late to retract and if it must come to blows, I only hope they will strike hard and finish it at once. If they do not we shall

fail, and indeed my belief is that we shall fail anyhow—but however the only chance is what I say.

9th. This Canada looks worse and worse. I wld much rather face any foreign war, than civil war in Canada. No Country can bear war within itself. If there is any way left of backing out of it, it should be taken. I have no idea what the Ministers have counted upon, is it upon the Canadians giving way? This is sure to deceive them; no population so excited ever gave way. Is it upon a party within the country? Why, there was a very strong one in the United States and We saw what its value was. It will be the same thing in Canada. The mass always goes together, and always with the cry of the day. When I wrote to you last spring it might perhaps have been arranged, and then you told me there were only Roebuck and I of my opinion.

11th. I see it's to be broken heads in Canada. Well. As things now are there seems to be no other way. In cases of the sort, the force employed ought to be at least double what is estimated to be necessary, triple if possible. With this—with promptitude, and a good commander not chosen from political motives, success is possible. God send it may come and be so used as to pacify the Colony, for the game is of fearful magnitude, much, much greater than it appears.

Sir Robert Chester is wrong even as to the practice of the English Court. George 4th told Esterhazy that foreign Ministers and their Wives came after Earls and Countesses. He was, however, from favoritism rather weak towards Munster's Wife, Who was however of an ancient Sovereign House in Germany. The

terms of the Vienna Act are that the Representative character belongs only to Ambassadors. Now it is from the fiction of their representing the person of their Sovereign that their rank is given to them, and highly inconvenient it is in many cases. It follows as a consequence that the others, representing nothing, have no rank unless it be their own, and even that in this Court would be levelled to the rank of their Colleagues.

I see they have come to blows at Montreal,¹ but only with stocks, English fashion. What a blessing if it could end so.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

18 [January 1838 ?].

Faut distinguer, mon amie. Rebellion must be put down by force, but to pacify Canada afterwards, to attach and preserve it, is quite another question, and upon this I believe Howick to be nearer right than Ellice who, unfortunately, upon all Canadian Affairs is the man living whose authority is to be received with the most suspicion, on account of the private interest by which He is swayed. If I am not much misinformed, the present state of things in Canada has been brought on by plans of Ellice's, which the ignorance in England of these affairs enabled him to carry through Parliament in Stanley's time, and which when their effect is complete will give him a profit of £800,000. He is like the Devil, his seemingly good and disinterested

¹ A reference to the riot of November 6, 1837, in which English and French partisans came to blows.

advice always leads direct to Hell. I don't say these things without having looked into them, and hope by the next Courier to be able to send Wm an explanatory statement—but it seems to me that the attention of the Head of the Govt is so absorbed by Church and Parliamentary Patronage, and that He has so little direct control over the great Department, that the main interests of the State are quite out of his hands. You will wonder at my pretention of giving information about Canada from Vienna, but it so happens that I have more than one man here intimately acquainted with the Country and with the questions which agitate it, and that these men have no interest in the question, while those who chiefly have access to the Colonial Office have a very deep one. Add to which that, as far as my observation goes, Ministers in general are not lovers of truth. Perhaps my real thought is that none are. You see I am answering yr letter of 1st and as usual beginning by the part which absorbs my thoughts. "The opinion generally is here that Canada will be soon set right again." I quote yr words,—this is the light way in which these questions are dismissed. The present revolt may be put down, but to pacify Canada, to be able again to leave it without Troops, to reconcile the conflicting populations which inhabit it, to attach them by their interests and affections to the British Crown and make it a source of strength to us instead of a burthen and a danger, is one of the most difficult problems that was ever proposed. If We do not solve it We do nothing and there are a thousand chances to one against our succeeding in it. So much for the facility of the affair.

When the Queen's first Parliament reassembled in January 1838, Lord John Russell introduced a Bill to suspend the constitution of Canada, and announced that the Government had decided to send to Canada, as High Commissioner, to carry out their instructions, Lord Durham, better known as "Radical Jack," or "his carbonic Majesty," as Sir Frederick had called him, who was notorious for the violence of his temper. The proposal brought forth a storm of criticism. Sir Robert Peel objected to the preamble of the Bill, and Mr. Ellice, who had been Secretary at War in Lord Melbourne's first Ministry, adroitly suggested that Sir Robert's objection to the preamble arose from the fact that Lord Durham was to be tied by specific instructions. Lord John gave way on this point. Thus Lord Durham, with his ungovernable temper, his mentality soured and his judgment warped by his grief at the recent death of his wife, went out to Canada with almost unfettered discretion to act as seemed to him best in restoring order and contentment in Canada.

Lord Durham's subsequent conduct in Canada fully justified the attacks made on his appointment. He formed an Executive Council of his own staff, and issued ordinances threatening Papineau and other ringleaders with death if they returned to Canada. He deported eight other rebels to Bermuda, without trial. The Ministry in choosing him as their representa-

tive had hoped to restrain the known faults of his character by the preamble. Sir Frederick suspected that the wily Ellice, whose own interests in Canada were very large, had secured the alteration of the preamble so that Lord Durham might compass his own destruction. Durham's ordinances were sharply attacked in the House of Commons, and the Government cancelled his order of deportation. Lord Durham at once denounced the Government in an indiscreet proclamation, resigned his office, and left Canada on November 1, 1838. He boasted that he had quelled the rebellion, but it broke out afresh after his departure and had to be repressed by Sir John Colborne, the commander of the troops in Canada. Sir Frederick Lamb thought ill of Durham. On hearing of the appointment, he wrote :

“ Every thing you write, all I hear from others, all the anecdotes I get about Durham at Petersburg, convince me that He is enough to create a revolt if He finds none. So much for his nomination.

“ The only thing that does not seem thought of in Durham's appointment is whether He is well calculated for the job. What a state of things ! Ellice is the Father of lies. He ceded one immense seignury to the Land Company, and is now one of the Persons chiefly interested in the immense tracts they have on hand. The exact terms on which He ceded, or under which He is a Partner are only known among them-

selves. To trace the lies of that man would require the aid of the Devil—no other is up to him.”¹

The great question of the moment was the Queen's marriage, which it was thought should be arranged as soon as her Coronation had been performed. The choice of a Consort had still to be made. A stay made by Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and his brother Prince Albert in this country two years before seemed to give colour to the rumour that Prince Albert had been chosen as the future Consort of Queen Victoria, but other Princes had also paid visits to this country and other names were freely mentioned. The choice seemed doubtful as many Englishmen feared the Coburg influence in the person of Leopold, King of the Belgians.

To the Countess Cowper from Sir Frederick Lamb.

1 April 1838.

As you want Espousers I mean to send you what I believe to be the nicest young Prince in Germany. Very good looking, very well spoken of, and of the only gentlemanlike family I know among them, rather young and looks younger than He is, but if She be of a managing turn, this may be no defect. I shall not say who He is but send him to the Coronation and let him take his chance of being noticed, therefore try and *démêlez* him.

¹ It may be noted that Greville had remarked on the close intimacy existing between Frederick Lamb and Brougham and Ellice.

I have no notion of the Tories doing any thing on the Spanish question, so I consider the Session as over and think the putting forward the Coronation a capital move. We are not civil towards other Courts in not giving them notice, and yet We expect them to send Ambassadors. Their conduct towards us is the very reverse ; they ask us not to send extraordinary Embassies, and yet give timely notice. Nothing was ever so unreasonable as We are ; we expect them to put themselves to expence at our Coronation, and grumble as if it was an injury to us that any body else should have one. I laugh at these things now a days—they would have made me very angry formerly.

Lady Cowper's correspondence of this year includes one of Princess Lieven's characteristic letters.

[*Translation.*]

PARIS, *October 1, 1838.*

DEAR KIND FRIEND,

The sight of your writing has restored my courage. You had not written to me for so long ! I rejoiced at the successful termination of Emily's confinement, which I learnt from Lady Holland. You are happy, dear friend. All is joy for you in this world. Your holiday is quite certain to amuse you, and I wish I could have shared it with you. There would have been pleasure for me in every moment. But in the mood in which I now am, I should require your constant society to enable me to find any happiness in a stay in the country, where one is apt to find many moments

of loneliness and emptiness, when one is, like me, alone on the earth.

I see a great deal of the Hollands. They seem charmed with Paris. She is in an excellent humour, pleased with the attentions paid her by every one. People give dinners for her. My ambassador has also done so. She will not see the Court. That is the only drawback of her stay. The return of the Granvilles is a great pleasure to me, but unfortunately they are both ill again. They have poor constitutions.

Villiers and William Lyster make delightful companions. He is one of the most amiable men. I take care that my diplomatic friends here converse with him. Every one here is predisposed against him; people think him a mad revolutionary, but directly they begin to know him they alter their minds. There is nothing like contact with what one fears most. One always has to modify one's views and often to alter one's mind entirely. I see no one but foreigners at present. There is not a French person in Paris. They will not return till the Chambers meet. All goes quietly and well here. The departure of Louis Bonaparte from Switzerland¹ puts an end to the anxieties on that score, which can never have been serious.

My dear, how go things between your Queen and her Mother? Has Leopold done anything in the matter? Lord Aberdeen, who writes to me sometimes, says in his last letter:

"No Minister in this country, since the days of the Protector Somerset, ever was placed in such a situation as that which is occupied by

¹ He left Switzerland on October 14, 1838, in deference to the protest of the French Government.

Ld Melbourne. He has a young and inexperienced [*sic*] infant in his hands, whose whole conduct and opinions must necessarily be in complete subservience to his views. I do him the justice to believe that he has some feeling for his situation and a sincere interest for a person so entirely in his power; but in the nature of things, this power must be absolute at least at Court."

I copy this as a proof that even his enemies know how to do justice to your brother. For myself, I have the greatest friendship for him, and I think him the most honest man in the world.

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